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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1925

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BY
AN ENEMY OF D'ANNUNZIO

Religion — Oxford and Cambridge Style

The Robbers
BY
KAREL ČAPEK

Banana Ranching in Brazil

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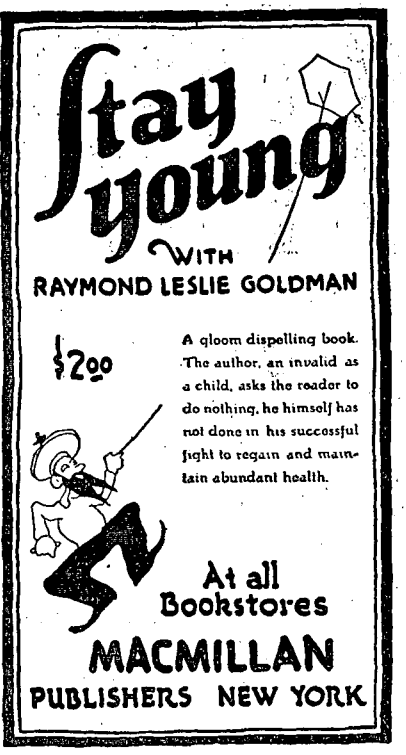
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AUGUST EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Salzburg. Music festival (Aug. 13–31).

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Bratislava (Pressburg). Danubian Sample Fair (Aug. 12); Sample Fair (Aug. 23–Sept. 2).

Brno (Brünn). Exhibition of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industry (Aug. 8–10).

Grätz. Sample Fair (Aug. 26–Sept. 6).

Liberec (Reichenberg). Sample Fair (Aug. 15–21).

FRANCE

Paris. Decorative Arts Exhibition. (Apr.–Oct.); Salon, Second Series (July 1–Sept. 1).

Aix-les-Bains. Venetian fête on Lake Bourget (Aug. 9).

Brest. Pardon (Aug. 16).

Carnac. Pardon of the Mehirs (Aug. 16).

Douarnenez. Benediction of the Sea (Aug. 2).

Gargelesse. Local fête (Aug. 15).

Grenoble. Fête of Savoy dresses (during August); Exhibition of Hydraulic Force and Touring (May–Oct.).

Fontainebleau. Fête of St. Louis (Aug. 22).

Lectoure. Performance in Roman Theatre (Aug. 2).

Les Sables-d'Olonne. Flower fête (Aug. 2); Fête of the Chaume (Aug. 23).

Martel. Fête, costumes, dances (Aug. 16).

Montargis. Fête of the Madeleine (July 26–Aug. 9).

Orange. Performances at the Roman Theatre (Aug. 1–3).

Penmarch. Fête of the Sea Ravens (Aug. 2).

Pleyben. Pardon (Aug. 16).

Plombières. Historic Parade (Aug. 9).

Roscoff. Pardon (Aug. 15).

Royan-sur-l'Ocean. Fête of Pontaillac. (Aug. 7).

Quimper. Pardon of Locmaria (Aug. 15).

Saintes. Performance at the Gallo-Roman arena (Aug. 8–9).

St. Anne-la-Palud. Pilgrimage (Aug. 23).

St. Laurent du Pouldour. Pardon (Aug. 9).

St. Nicodème. Pardon (Aug. 1–2).

St. Savin. Local fête, ancient dances (Aug. 16).

Salvary-sur-Mer. Country fête (Aug. 1–4).

Saurat. Local fête — old costumes (Aug. 30).

Vallon. Patron fête (Aug. 2).

Vence. Fête of St. Elizabeth (Aug. 2).

Versailles. Illumination of the fountains (Aug. 2).

Vic-sur-Cère. Crowning of La Rosière, young girl selected as the most virtuous of the village (Aug. 16).

Races. Grand Prix, Vichy (July–Aug. 10); Pleyben (Aug. 17–18).

GERMANY

Bayreuth. Music festival (July 22–Aug. 20).

Danzig. International Fair (Aug. 2–23).

Dresden. Industrial Exhibition (June–September).

Heidelberg. New Education Fellowship, International Conference (Aug. 1–14).

Innsbruck. Fine Arts Exhibition (July–Aug.).

Karlsbad. International Tennis (Aug.).

Karlsruhe. Horticultural Show (end of Aug.).

Leipzig. Fair (Aug. 30–Sept. 9).

Munich. German Traffic Exhibition (June–Oct.); Wagner and Mozart Festival (August).

Races. Baden-Baden (end of August).

HOLLAND

Amsterdam. Six-hundred-and-fiftieth Anniversary Celebration (July 15–Sept. 15).

GREAT BRITAIN

London. British Empire Exhibition (May–Oct.); Austrian Arts and Industry Exhibition (May–Oct.); Race of the Thames Watermen (Aug. 11); Masonic Festival (Olympia, Aug. 8).

Cambridge. Liberal Summer School; Francesco Nitti to speak (July 29–Aug. 5).

Cowes. Regatta (Aug. 10–15).

Races. Motor races, Brooklands track (Aug. 3); Ebor Handicap, York (Aug. 26); Gimcrack Stakes, York (Aug. 27).

ITALY

Siena. Festival of the Pallio delle Contrada (July and August).

Races. Italian St. Leger, 50,000 lire (August).

JAPAN

Tokyo. Junior Kenjitsu (fencing) tournament held early in August; Fujiyama climbing season (July 10–Sept. 10); Formal jujutsu practice (July 15–Aug. 13); state ceremony of Tenchoo Setsu, celebration of the Emperor's birthday (Aug. 31).

MOROCCO

Mazagran. Fête (Aug. 15).

SWEDEN

Stockholm. Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work — visitors will be admitted (Aug. 19–30); National Championship Meet (Aug. 22–23); Franco-Swedish Athletic Meet (Aug. 29–30).

Malmö. Annual fair (Aug. 1–8); Seventh Swedish Trade Fair (Aug. 3–9).

SWITZERLAND

Geneva. Seventeenth International Esperanto Congress (Aug. 3–7); First International Welfare Congress (Aug. 24–28); International Tennis; National fête (Aug. 1.).

Lucerne. Golf and tennis championships.

Zurich. Carnival and fête (Aug. 31).

Races. Motor races (Lucerne, Aug. 8–9).

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AMONG OUR AUTHORS

At present his country's Minister to Italy, **Señor Rafael Nieto** is one of a group of younger Mexican intellectuals who have risen to prominence during the years of revolution. After a term as Governor of the State of San Luis Potosi, he entered the diplomatic service, representing Mexico in Sweden before his transfer to Rome. ¶Blessed with strong nerves and a ready pen, **Gino Berri,** traveler and foreign correspondent of the great Milan Liberal daily, the *Corriere della Sera*, describes in detail the retribution which overtook the convicted authors of the cathedral bomb outrage in Sofia. ¶The English university men — they would be called 'college boys' in this country — who describe the religious life of Britain's younger generation represent the attitudes of two universities which are conventionally supposed to be widely divergent.

Sylvia Lynd is the literary wife of that delightful essayist, Robert Lynd, whose prose has much of the gay irresponsibility of her husband's. Her verse is more serious, and her book of poems, *The Goldfinches*, was described as 'memorable' by no less a person than C. K. Shorter. **Siegfried Albert Scholz** is one of the innumerable German pioneers who are living in South America a life not wholly unlike that of the Yankee generation which pushed our frontier west to the Pacific. **Karin Michaelis** — in private life Mme. Charles E. Stangeland — is one of the most prominent woman writers in Denmark. Her book, *The Dangerous Age*, oddly paralleling the title of Rose Macaulay's novel, was for a time a best-seller in Northern Europe.

Lawyer, writer, Communist leader, **Paul Vaillant-Couturier** is Deputy for the Seine in the French Chamber. He is author of six books, most of them liberally tinged with red — and with it all he is but thirty-two. **Julio Aramburu** is an Argentine writer with a thrilling tale to tell of the back country, six days' journey from civilization. **Dr. Eduard Berend** is a literary historian who has made the thought of Jean Paul Richter his special study, but who finds time ever and anon for such divagations into realms less purely intellectual as his account of the mystery of Kaspar Hauser, translated here.

Valentine Williams made a great success with his first novel, a story of secret service called *The Man with the Clubfoot*. For this as well as for his later book, *The Three of Clubs*, he prepared himself by a long and adventurous newspaper career, which provided him with many a real thriller. He has been war corrspondent during the Portuguese revolution, the Balkan wars, and the early stages of the Great War. Later he joined the Irish Guards, and fought until invalided home with wounds received on the Somme. His anonymous description of the battle of Neuve-Chapelle broke down Kitchener's prohibition on war correspondents at the front, and he was subsequently invited to be Sir John French's guest at G. H. Q. After all this, he surveys the Riviera and its crowd of post-war pleasure-seekers with a tolerant but cynical eye.

M. R. James, provost of Eton since 1918, is an archæologist as well as a schoolmaster, a Biblical critic as well as an archæologist — and an old hand at writing ghost stories besides all the other three! He is the author of various works on Biblical and other manuscripts, the Apocrypha, and archæology, but side by side with these on the library shelf stand *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, *A Thin Ghost*, and other thrilling tales.

Karel Čapek is most familiar to Americans as the author of *R. U. R.*, that uncanny play whose satire on modern industrialism alternately stirred, alarmed, and amused audiences in Europe, England, and America a couple years ago; but Čapek is more than a dramatist. 'I want to write a hundred books before I die,' he once told an English interviewer, and as he is barely in his middle thirties, with nearly a dozen books to his credit already, he stands a fair chance of succeeding. A doctorate in philosophy from the University of Prague, a handful of plays, written alone or in collaboration with his elder brother, the painter Joseph Čapek, short stories, novels, two volumes of travels, a book on pragmatism, — William James and John Dewey especially interest him, — and an anthology of Czech translations from modern French poetry — these are his works thus far. And his first youth scarcely past!

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THE LIVING AGE

July 4, 1925

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This Week

For bedtime reading we find it hard to recommend *Gino Berri's* account of the horrible fate that finished the revolutionary careers of the three Bulgarian bomb-throwers. Their protestations of guilt and innocence, their gestures of cowardice and courage, are all recorded in detail. And when one of them, with bound hands, helps the hangman to stand him on an especially high stool to make sure of a speedy death, some of our lady patrons may ask to be excused. They will, however, soon be joined by the S. P. C. A. delegation, for the wilderness battle between a steer and a puma would not attract the patronage of people who are up in arms against trainers of fleas. In the competent hands of *Julio Aramburu*, this fight puts the Dempsey and Firpo muss in the flyweight class. *Siegfried Albert Scholz* will also help disturb our readers' sleep. After being cheated by an Englishman, he met with honesty at the hands of a Greek, who sold him a banana ranch with a twelve-foot snake thrown in. This creature served in the double capacity of Rough on Rats and household pet for the wife and kiddies.

❦ ❦ ❦

Undergraduates' religion, like human nature and a lot of other things, is the same the world over. In Oxford, jazz-band tearooms are more popular than the hermit's cell, and our Cambridge contributor divides his schoolfellows into Atheists, Agnostics, Christians, and Otherwise Engaged. As only the first three groups are much in earnest, they are vastly outnumbered.

❦ ❦ ❦

Karin Michaelis exposes the unfeathered head of Mr. d'Annunzio to a salvo of rotten eggs from the hands of infuriated bigots who believe that, even in Italy, one has a right to live in one's own house. It appears that Frau Hertha Thode, a bosom friend of our contributor, owned a beautiful old villa on the shores of Lago di Garda which the renowned poet-aviator decided was good enough for him to occupy. He therefore took possession while the rightful owner was away, and finally agreed as an especial favor to let the lady have a few of her household goods provided she sign a document stating that she admitted it was an act of pure charity. Then, when it came to a show-down, he gave her almost nothing but rubbish. All in all, one gets the impression that Gabriele is not the sort of person whom we should like to have our daughters playing around with.

❦ ❦ ❦

For a safe and sane Fourth, it is hard to imagine a better programme than a visit to the Riviera in the company of *Mr. Valentine Williams*, followed by a flying trip from Paris to Moscow in the same compartment with *Paul Vaillant-Couturier*. On the Riviera you will be able to shoot craps with Greek millionaires, Russian refugees, and lower middle-class Englishmen. Then you can blow in your winnings by riding in state through Northern Europe, changing cars and money every five minutes.

❦ ❦ ❦

The View from a Hill, by *M. R. James*, is apparently the only piece of fiction in this number, and its length is so great that it would almost fall into that literary form which our Snappy and Breezy contemporaries designate as the Novelette. But to the reader of discernment, The Strange Case of Kaspar Hauser will lie in the realm of fancy rather than fact. The story is this. On a summer's afternoon almost one hundred years ago a boy of sixteen wandered into the town of Nuremberg. He had spent his entire life in solitary confinement, and did not know how to read or write. *Dr. Eduard Berend* thinks he knows the answer.

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THE LIVING AGE

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EUROPE IN JUNE

EUROPE'S chief preoccupation during the present month has been the Security Pact. Even international negotiations only remotely associated with this prospective agreement have been governed by it. The Conference of the Little Entente at Bucharest, the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, the policy speeches of Stresemann and Mussolini, and the Strassburg speech of Painlevé, were either expressly designed to shape its terms and clear the way for its acceptance, or were influenced by the thought that such a settlement was under consideration. Yet no Pact actually exists as yet, and despite the reported concurrence of Great Britain and France, the scheme still lacks preciseness. It is a nebula far from condensed to solid substance. France would confine it within the four walls of the Versailles Treaty; England would have it transcend such rigid limitations. France regards a Pact as partial restoration of the anti-German alliance to which America was expected to become a party at the time of the Paris Conference, and as intended primarily to protect her from Germany, while Great Britain views it as a reciprocal contract obligating her also to protect Germany against France. This distinction would be important should Poland become involved in hostilities and France claim the right to move troops across German territory.

So France is embarrassed by the contradiction noted by M. Briand in his Chamber speech of May 26, between her desire for security and her obligations of honor toward Poland and Czechoslovakia. She appreciates the importance of the German offer, with its British endorsement, and dreads the possible consequences of refusing it. But her hands are tied by treaty obligations to Prague and Warsaw. This is what M. Briand meant when he declared that France could not 'sacrifice her honor to selfish national considerations.'

The London *Outlook* sees this in a different light: 'The original German proposal was in the nature of a peace pact. . . . Germany declared her wish to live at peace with her neighbors. . . . She undertook to treat her Western frontier as final.' Instead of that, 'a war pact has been substituted for a

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peace pact. Britain is no longer invited to guarantee Germany's undertaking to respect the Rhenish frontier, but is to pledge herself to give armed support to France if that frontier is violated. . . . But this is not all. France has replaced her old Russian alliance by new treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia. These treaties are to remain in force so that, if war breaks out in the East, France will be at liberty to send her troops across the Rhine.' The *Saturday Review* shares this view, and also asks: 'In the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany on France, or by France on Germany, this country will take military action against the aggressor. Who is to decide which State is the aggressor?' Among other things, 'there must be no feeling in Germany that France can retain the right to send troops across the demilitarized zone except with the express permission of the other nine Governments represented on the League Council.' The last point should be kept in mind by those who follow these negotiations.

The Belgian Foreign Office has taken a decided line in favor of a workable pact. Brussels is anxious to have Great Britain a guarantor for Germany's undertaking never again to invade Belgium, but is not concerned in Poland's frontiers.

L'Opinion satirizes the delays that have attended the negotiations. 'It was on the eighth of February that Herr von Hoesch, the German Ambassador at Paris, first brought officially to M. Herriot's attention the proposals worked out at Berlin between Herr Stresemann and Lord d'Abernon to guarantee the Eastern frontiers of France. It was not until May 11 that the French Foreign Office, after having mulled over these propositions again and again, and drafted more than ten tentative replies, submitted an answer to the London Cabinet. The latter then asked for further explanations. They were not submitted until May 25. . . . Meanwhile the German Government, having received no answer to its proposal, assumes an air of persecuted innocence and calls the world to witness its good intentions, its good faith, and French duplicity.'

Adolf Grabovsky, whose half-Polish name does not prevent his being an ardent pro-German, writes in *Berliner Tageblatt* that Germany, 'so far as her Western boundary is concerned, cannot reconcile herself to the Versailles Treaty, but these wounds are not as unhealable as those in the East. Danzig, the Polish Corridor, and East Silesia are lacerations that will continue to bleed.' So he reasons: Poland can never have security or a normal political life without the good-will of Russia and Germany. France can never have security without the good-will of the same Great Powers. A Polish readjustment that will make Russia and Germany Poland's friends is therefore indispensable not only for her own security but also for the security of France and the peace of Europe.

Mussolini, in his policy speech to the Senate late in May, said: 'This Government favors Germany's admission to the League of Nations and allotting her a permanent place in the League Council. But there can be no guaranty pact limited to three nations. Any such pact must include at least five nations and must, like all similar agreements, be under the ægis of the League of Nations.'

Interallied indebtedness is also on the tapis. Its perennial discussion has been marked within the past few weeks by two initiatives from America — Washington's official circular to the debtor Powers, and Colonel Harvey's private suggestion of a Debt Confer-

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ence in London, which received almost as much attention as an official pronouncement. The French press shows increasing signs of restiveness under America's financial tutelage. *L'Opinion* says: 'First of all, France must recover her independence. She will never regain it as long as this Damocles sword of Interallied indebtedness hangs above her. . . . The Anglo-Saxons have the reputation of being practical people. Undoubtedly they will understand that a "take this" is better than an I. O. U.'

Speaking for Italy, *Corriere della Sera* insists that Italy's debts to America are not commercial, but political obligations to be regarded from an entirely different point of view from ordinary money transactions. Neither Italy nor France can pay its debts to America at present, partly because both countries are forced to spend large sums on armaments that would be unnecessary if the United States had entered the League of Nations and assumed its full share of responsibility for maintaining peace in Europe.

De Standaard, a Brussels Flemish Catholic daily, finds new reasons in the American debt circular for deploring Belgium's alliance with France: 'Belgium does not wage colonial wars; she does not loan money to small satellites in Europe to promote a policy of doubtful peace. She has borrowed money, to be sure, but only to support her war-pauperized population and restore her ruined industries. Unhappily her close alliance with France has blinded the Americans to the fact that Belgium is an independent country, and makes them place her on the same level with the French. This is one more bitter fruit of our disastrous pro-French policy and of the mistaken treaty we have made with Paris.'

Mr. Harvey's proposal for a Debt Conference in London naturally pleased the British, and President Coolidge's prompt veto upon that suggestion was received with outspoken disappointment. The *New Statesman* considered it 'a pity that President Coolidge should be so expressly opposed' to this suggestion, and thought it 'hardly a reasonable proposition' to expect Mr. Churchill and M. Caillaux, with their multitudinous and critical engagements, to cross the Atlantic to attend a conference in Washington. 'Moreover,' as senior creditor, 'Great Britain might reasonably claim a little more than an equal voice in the selection of the venue of the creditors' meeting.' The *Saturday Review* thus ridiculed America's distrust of London as a meeting-place: 'One would think that Europe was populated entirely by Machiavellis whose main object in life was to hoodwink the simple American politician as soon as he crossed the Atlantic. In this respect we have a better opinion of Americans than they appear to have of themselves.'

The London *Outlook*, while naturally not sharing America's suspicion of Old World diplomacy, thought Mr. Harvey's plan unwise for the sufficient reason that 'the idea would spread that Britain and America were in league to harness the rest of the world to the yoke of the pound and dollar; which is not only untrue, but a very dangerous untruth.'

Lord Bradbury, who as permanent representative of Great Britain on the Reparations Commission is supposed to speak with authority, said in an address to the Commercial Committee of the House of Commons on May 26 that he believed France, without undue depression of her standard of living and without reference to any payment which she may receive from Germany under the Dawes scheme, could make payments annually of forty or fifty million pounds sterling in the aggregate

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to England and America upon her indebtedness to their Governments.

A curious suggestion comes from the other side of the world: Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* surmises that 'perhaps America is determined to press her debtors to pay up so that she may use the money in the East. The United States is a Shylock; she is an international usurer. Should our prediction be true, the tyrannical influence of the dollar will be acutely felt in the East in the near future. The East pulsates with chances for American investment.'

Geneva has seen three important gatherings in quick succession: the Disarmament Conference, the Labor Conference, and the general meeting of the League Council. Of these the most important in the eyes of Americans, and the only one in which our country was represented, was the Disarmament Conference, resulting in a convention signed by eighteen nations that among other things prohibits the use of poison gas and bacteria in war.

Obituary notices have filled the British press during the last few weeks to remind the world how rapidly the ranks of pre-war and war leaders are thinning. Lord Curzon and Sir Alfred Miller have been referred to as the last of the Empire's great Proconsuls. The death of Field Marshal French, and of General Mangin in France, make conspicuous gaps in the group of war commanders. Among men of lesser but still notable rank whose departure from the public stage could not pass without remark are Lord Leverhulme, whose death called forth many reminiscent sketches of his career, two of which appeared in our columns, and Sir Edward Hulton, one of the great press-proprietors of Great Britain, and incidentally the leading Catholic among the prominent newspaper-owners of that country. Colonel Repington, distinguished both as a soldier and as a journalist, died very suddenly only a few days after publishing a brilliant obituary notice of Field Marshal French, whom he had known throughout the greater part of his career.

In German politics the ends are not playing against the Centre, but for the Centre. Just at present the latter, which is Clerical and Catholic, seems to be inclining toward the Right in the hope of gaining certain long-desired concessions in respect to the schools and particularly to a new concordat with Rome, similar to that recently concluded between the Vatican and Bavaria. The more conservative wing of the Protestants is not averse to such negotiations, as the legislative interests of the two groups are similar.

Labor disputes and labor policies preoccupy Scandinavia. Denmark has suffered from a serious transportation strike. The Swedish Parliament has approved a radical plan to reduce armaments. Though not as sweeping as the Danish project, this has caused concern in Finland, which feels itself exposed without support to possible aggression by Soviet Russia. It would be a rather remarkable outcome were the disarmament movement that is making such astonishing progress in Scandinavia to result in the formation of a little group of heavily armed Baltic border states to the eastward. Discussing this subject in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Professor Gustav Cassel observes that formerly, when the workingmen regarded the army as the defender of a privileged ruling class, their opposition to armaments was easy to understand; but now the workers themselves are the ruling class. The sentiment behind disarmament is most assuredly not due to an aversion to use force. 'Swedish workers are not the kind of people to let others tread on their toes. Their reluctance to spend money on defense

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is explained solely by their inability as yet to appreciate how real international dangers may become, and particularly by their failure to see that whatever threatens their country from abroad threatens the common people as well as the Government.' In other words, to Professor Cassel's mind, international class solidarity will prove unsubstantial and evanescent in time of stress, while national solidarity will prove enduring and indomitable.

Premier Ladislas Grabski, who has been the all-powerful Finance Minister of the longest-lived Cabinet that Poland has ever had, finds his Ministry seriously threatened by the secession of the so-called Thugutt faction. This does not mean that he faces immediate overthrow, but he is now swimming against a current, largely on account of an intense and protracted business depression. His remedies for this are higher duties upon imports to stimulate domestic industry, and an inflow of foreign capital. According to rumor, Count Alexander Skrzynski, the Polish Foreign Minister, contemplates a lecture tour to America to promote the latter object.

All signs in Russia point to a pronounced swing away from orthodox Communism and toward the new economic policy of encouraging private enterprise. Peasants are now officially permitted to employ hired labor, and they are not required to comply with the provisions of the social insurance law unless they employ more than three hired hands. Leasing likewise is formally authorized in the new Soviet code. New inducements are also being offered to foreign capital. In larger fields of enterprise banks are permitted to grant credit to private firms, and the latter may employ up to two hundred hands in manufacturing without a special permit from the State.

Kalinin, in the closing speech of the last session of the All-Russian Conference of Soviets held in Moscow last May, pointed out that this meeting differed from its predecessors in two respects — the large number of peasant representatives present, and the prominent part taken by women in the proceedings.

Notwithstanding the secession of the Opposition to the Aventine and the withdrawal of the Liberals from the Fascisti Cabinet after the Matteotti murder, Parliament passed two measures of primary importance — the Electoral Reform Bill, returning to the one-member constituency system, and the Army Bill, which was considerably modified in debate because military experts insisted that the original Fascist proposal would leave Italy inadequately defended. Mussolini also proposed to suppress Freemasonry in Italy. The Masonic lodges in that country, which are strongholds of Liberalism and anticlericalism, and therefore political, are exposed, unlike the nonpolitical Freemasonry of England and America, to such reprisals. But many leading Fascisti are said to be high dignitaries in the fraternity, and a quorum was lacking when the bill to suppress the lodges first came before the Chamber.

Mussolini's three-day visit to d'Annunzio at the latter's sequestered — or should we say sequestrated? — villa on the Lake of Garda started a furious tongue-wagging among political prophets. It was even predicted that Mussolini, who has not recovered fully from his recent illness, would ask d'Annunzio to take the Premiership *pro tempore* and permit him to go on a vacation. This is not the Mussolini style. That gentleman is now simultaneously Premier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of War, Minister of Navy and Aviation, and also political head of the Fascist Party.

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Though little news of them leaks out, disorders are still rampant in Italy. On May 24, the day that country celebrated its entry into the war, the Fascisti paraded the streets of Leghorn, broke up the premises of the Republican Party, the Freemasons, and the Catholic Party, and knocked on the head any passer-by who failed to salute them. One of the latter was Mr. Franklin C. Gowen, American Vice-Consul, who was slugged by a Fascist militiaman and left unconscious on the street.

Spain received the Directory's decree restoring the jurisdiction of the civil courts in place of the military tribunals that have administered justice since Primo de Rivera seized power as apathetically as it did that general's usurpation. *El Sol* greeted the edict because it seems to indicate a certain intention of getting back to normal constitutional procedure, but added: 'The change is very slight. It consists in substituting one tribunal for another to punish crime. Those of us who are not criminals, but law-abiding citizens, are not affected a particle by the metamorphosis.'

The Little Entente is faced with a dilemma by the agitation in favor of uniting Austria with Germany. The alternative is a Danube Federation that would reinvigorate Austria by making her again an integral part of some larger economic area that would support her industries and give employment to her people. The intransigence of Hungary and the economic rivalries and political antagonisms among the other Danube States make this a disagreeable alternative. Italy has pronounced against a union of Austria and Germany, fearing that this might imperil her control of German-speaking Alto Adige.

Austria's situation alarms *L'Europe Nouvelle*, which asks: 'Are we ready to choose between seeing Germany installed at Vienna, or Vienna continuing one of the principal industrial and commercial centres of the Danubian world? Is the fear of Italian or Czecho-slovak hegemony to paralyze the efforts of those who seek to avoid above all the disaster of German hegemony? In order to save a few artificial industries (in the other Succession States) is Central Europe to be delivered over to German industry?'

Hungary is involved in a sensational crisis that promises to be a belated and aggravated parallel of the Matteotti-Fascisti affair in Italy. Five years ago two prominent Social-Democrats of Budapest, one of them the editor of the Party's newspaper, were seized at night upon the public street by army officers, murdered, and their bodies thrown into the Danube. Neither of the victims was a Communist; indeed, both were opponents of violence and illegal tactics, and except for their Marxian doctrines would be called ordinary reformers in America. Now Edmond Biniczky, a man of high standing, who was Horthy's Minister of the Interior at the time the crime was committed, and in his official capacity had charge of the police investigation of this double murder, has come out with a public statement to the effect that Horthy was personally cognizant of the plot, and indeed indirectly, if not directly, instigated it. Furthermore, he charges Horthy with having suppressed evidence and prevented the prosecution of the murderers, whose identity was discovered by the authorities soon after the crime was committed. Biniczky was promptly arrested after making his revelation, and the paper in which he published it was confiscated. He is a strong Monarchist, and Horthy's supporters claim that the entire revelation is a plot to discredit the Regent's Government and to bring back the Hapsburgs.

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MEXICO YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY[1]

BY RAFAEL NIETO

[This article is the text of an address delivered by the author, who is Minister of Mexico to Italy, at the Book Fair in Florence.]

For years the world has spoken ill of Mexico. No other country has been more unjustly castigated by the tongue of prejudice. Furthermore, Mexico in the course of her social evolution has recently passed through a prolonged revolutionary crisis that, like all such violent eras, has injured powerful vested interests. These control every channel of international information and propaganda, and have unfairly presented Mexico's situation to the world.

But apart from these financial and political interests, which so often intentionally distort opinion, a lamentable lack of accurate knowledge prevails in Europe about the peoples of America, and in America about the peoples of Europe. We apparently make little use of the wonderful agencies of enlightenment that we now possess to learn to know each other better. The book, that wonderful vehicle of knowledge and opinion which brings us together in Florence to-day, the periodical, the radio, the newspaper, and the film — the latter one of the most vicious agencies in existence so far as misrepresenting Mexico is concerned — are utilized but imperfectly in the service of truth, and far oftener only caricature conditions in America to the people of Europe.

In respect to Mexico, this evil has acquired grotesque proportions. Except for a few commonplace generalities about her natural resources and some superficial information regarding the archæological remains of her ancient civilization, Europe's opinion of her is wholly based on prejudice. To paraphrase Mark Twain's metaphor, one might say that the history of modern Mexico has been written with the ink of ignorance.

Quite naturally, Mexicans suffer to some extent from the same bias and limitation. A few of the better educated know and admire Italy. University students have studied the history of Ancient Rome and the rise of the Italian city republics. They know something of the wonderful flowering of Italian art during the Renaissance. They follow eagerly the scientific and artistic progress of modern Italy. Some business men in my country are familiar with your present industrial development. But there, as here, the man in the street is densely ignorant of his transatlantic neighbors.

I trust I shall not offend you when I tell you that the average Mexican derives his notions of Italy from the operatic stage. He fancies that Italians go about at home dressed like troubadours, thrumming mandolins and singing serenades to *donzellas* on palace balconies. Similarly, very many Italians imagine that Mexico is a country where rich veins of gold and silver lie under the pavements, and that Mexicans go about either wearing the feather headdresses of the Aztecs or

[1] From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily) *June* 9, 10

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dressed like movie-show cowboys. Yet the Indian in a feather headdress is just as rare in Mexico as a mediæval troubadour is in the streets of Italy; and all we know about cowboys in my country is what we learn of them from films made in the United States.

Mexico, in spite of her legendary riches, is a poor country — poor because her people have not been able, and have not known how, to develop as yet their marvelous potential resources; she is poor because her land-holding and capitalist class is numerically very small, while the masses of her common people, who are more illiterate than in the worst parts of Italy, have had only the leavings of her natural wealth, which has hitherto enriched exclusively international capital.

We do kill people. It is true that we have killed a great many during the last ten years. But let me tell you in confidence that we have not done it for amusement. Our bloodshed has merely expressed the exasperation of a people downtrodden beyond endurance by a brutally unjust social and economic system. It is the red fruit of discontent rebelling at last against the injustice of living in misery in a country where men should live in abundance. We have shed blood because the exploiters of our vast natural resources have not been willing to relinquish one jot or tittle of their economic and political power; because the nation's repressed sense of wrong and injustice at length exploded in an orgy of blood and suffering.

Our revolutions, which are not peculiar to Mexico but are common to all Latin America, are regarded in Europe as a racial weakness. The truth is, we are not the only peoples who suffer from this infirmity. If we review the history of Europe for the past few years we shall find that a revolution has occurred in Russia, another in Germany, two in Hungary, one in Bulgaria, one in Greece, several in Bavaria, and others elsewhere. There is one curious detail in connection with Latin-American revolutions that may interest particularly those who see only the material effects of our social commotions, as represented in dollars and cents. A Colombian publicist has taken the trouble to figure out the cost of all the revolutions fought in Latin America during the past century, and arrives at the imposing figure of 418,000,000 pounds sterling — or about as much as the Allied Governments spent every four days of the World War.

Europe — particularly Europe's business community — still associates peace and tranquillity in Mexico with the former dictator, Porfirio Diaz. I shall not weary you with history, but I wish to cite two or three historical facts that speak eloquently for themselves. The Diaz Government, which fell some fifteen years ago at the first shock of social revolt, was in power for thirty years. During this time it exercised undisputed and absolute authority; it had ample revenues and abundant credit; it erected some superb buildings in the capital of the Republic; it maintained showy embassies in Europe, headed by millionaires. But when that Government was overthrown, the daily wage of the immense majority of Mexican laborers was not more than half a gold lira, or ten cents in United States currency, and eighty-five per cent of the people could not read and write!

Is not that single fact ample explanation of the social convulsion that has shaken Mexico to the depths during the last few years? Thousands of your Italian emigrants who have gone to other parts of America have felt in their own persons what an oppressive system of peonage means, with wages

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barely enough to keep soul and body together. My country has been passing through an epoch of anarchy, suffering, and distress, not because her people deliberately desired such conditions, far less because a revolution was made to order by a few leaders and chieftains, but because an irresistible social convulsion overwhelmed us, because the hot lava of long-confined revolt welled up through all the subterranean channels that an evolutionary study of history is beginning to disclose in every body politic, through which the suffering and the injustices of the oppressed masses inevitably find vent.

Happily this crisis was not one of exhaustion or decay. It was an infantile disease, such as often afflicts growing organisms. One single fact speaks eloquently of this. The last budget of the Ministry of Public Instruction in Mexico, at a time when our national finances had by no means recovered from the long period of disorder, amounted to $11,170,000 in United States currency, and was twenty times as large as the most liberal appropriation that the brilliant, rich, and powerful government of Porfirio Diaz ever made for education. Furthermore, please note that this was the Federal appropriation alone, and that in the aggregate the states and municipalities spent an even larger sum upon the public schools.

Films about Mexico made in the United States, and distributed to the entire world, represent my people in a comic-opera scenario. Such films always have a hero born in Chicago or New York, who is the personification of honor, bravery, and gallantry, and who 'smashes to smithereens' the villains in the farce. The latter as a matter of course are invariably Mexicans, and therefore logically bandits, cowards, and traitors. European opinion of Mexico is derived almost entirely from these films. Those who know better are business men having investments in Mexico. These gentlemen repeat stereotyped phrases expressing the disappointment they feel at seeing their own profits diminished by our social disturbances, with an occasional word of compassion for the unhappy Mexicans who are so blind to the benefits of foreign capital. And that is all they have to say. They never exhibit a shred of human interest in the people of Mexico, in their acute growing-pains, in their obstinate struggle against political oppression and economic distress!

Nevertheless, the Mexican Revolution — for we have had but one revolution lasting more than a decade — has made a profound change in the psychology of my people. Within a few years they have risen from a state of passive servitude to a condition of conscious citizenship.

Madero, who started the Mexican Revolution, was a dreamer and an idealist, but his habits of thought and his education prevented his comprehending the social needs of his country. He called the nation to arms against a dictatorial oligarchy already senescent, and the people followed him with no other visible objective than that expressed in his battle cry, 'An honest election and no reëlection!' But immediately the leader and the masses became estranged from each other. For Madero the only question at stake was the political problem of the presidential succession; but the people instinctively felt that their real wrongs were economic. One of the revolutionists of those days, who later became a prominent figure in the movement, when asked what he was fighting for, answered: 'I don't know. I don't know what "an honest election and no reëlection" means; but I have taken up arms to make things better.' That

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phrase 'to make things better' synthesized the aspirations of my people, who were determined to rise out of their miserable state of feudal vassalage.

Madero was lifted to the presidency of the Republic on a wave of popular enthusiasm. But he gave no thought to the vital problem presented by the mass of peasants clamoring for land. He ruled with kindness and justice, but continued to use the old decrepit administrative machinery, and entrusted his fate to an army of aristocratic and unpopular leaders who eventually betrayed and sacrificed him. Yet from his tomb there sprang at once the vigorous sapling of true revolution.

Carranza, who led the revolt in its second stage, had a better comprehension of the instinctive but profound yearning for social reform that filled the hearts of the peasant masses, and in the very midst of his fighting he promulgated the agrarian laws, restoring to the people land that had been unjustly taken from them. Mexico's agrarian problem may be described by a single example. In my native state, which has an area of about eighteen million acres and six hundred thousand inhabitants, seventy-eight persons owned in fee simple more than half of all the land, while ninety per cent of the people did not possess one square foot of soil.

As soon as the revolutionary forces secured control of the country, a Constitutional Convention was summoned, which decreed that the old communal lands should be restored to the people who were their original possessors, and that furthermore the great estates, some of which were as large as entire European countries, should be subdivided. The new Constitution was based upon the expressed principle that private property is less sacred than the public welfare. Petroleum and coal deposits were declared to belong to the nation. Provision was made for a single national bank of issue, controlled by the Government, to take the place of the former private banks of issue. The old laws preventing the Church from acquiring real estate were made more drastic. When those laws were originally enacted, sixty years ago, the Church had gained possession of three quarters of all the land in the country. Last of all, the Constitutional Convention established a labor code, providing for an eight-hour working day, a minimum wage, workers' insurance, profit-sharing, and compulsory arbitration. At the present time more than a million workingmen, including both laborers and peasants, are organized in labor unions, and are determined defenders of the new Constitution. These are the fruits of Mexico's social crisis. The hard battle that had to be fought to win them would seem to confirm the saying that the living can march forward only over the bodies of the dead.

Obregón, who succeeded Carranza in the presidency, was confronted by the formidable task of applying practically the reforms that had been put on paper. He succeeded. The fighting that occurred in several places during his term of office was merely the last resistance of those who were trying to restore the old state of things that prevailed before 1910. Calles, who has recently succeeded Obregón, is continuing this labor of social renovation and material reconstruction. His task is an enormous one. But he is helped by the fact that the people at home are now fully conscious of the supreme importance of the work he has in hand, and that foreign countries realize that Mexico is moving forward.

Viewing things from the purely business standpoint, notwithstanding the economic disorganization that inevitably accompanies such an event

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as Mexico's recent revolution, the country has made marked progress. Its petroleum output has multiplied tenfold during the last ten years, and now amounts to twenty-three million cubic metres. The output of gold has increased fivefold. More silver is mined than in any other country in the world, and production is growing at the rate of two million kilos annually. Mexico's foreign commerce has tripled in round numbers during this decade, and her revenues have expanded proportionately. To-day the income of the Federal Government is equivalent at present rate of exchange to $117,000,000 gold annually. And we must not forget that Mexico's population is only sixteen million.

My country does not have at the present time either bank notes or any other form of paper currency. Gold and silver circulate freely and are used in all transactions. Of course, this is no evidence of financial soundness; it rather indicates that we have not yet been able to restore normal credit conditions. But our money is quoted at par in New York. Let me relate here, by way of parenthesis, a significant anecdote. A Wall Street banker who chanced to be with me in the City of Mexico saw hundreds of sacks of gold coin being carried through the street from one bank to another with only the ordinary messengers to guard them. He said they would not dare to do that in New York City without a strong escort of police.

Mexico's capital has nearly one million inhabitants. Twenty-five thousand automobiles circulate daily through its streets, or rather more than in Rome, Milan, and Florence taken together. Four large newspapers, printing from sixteen to twenty-four pages week days, and forty-eight pages Sundays, are published there. Special editions, such as the New Year's number of *El Universal*, run up to 192 pages. Last year this daily used over four thousand tons of paper. It has paid its contributors and reporters within a year $48,000 gold for their articles. So you see that we do something else than make revolutions.

During the last few years, moreover, thousands of schools have been established throughout the country, principally in rural districts. New textbooks, published by the Ministry of Public Instruction in editions that reach hundreds of thousands, herald a new and better civilization. A few of these books, printed by my Government in its fight against ignorance and illiteracy, are exhibited at this Fair. The display is very inadequate. It clearly shows that in science and art we still lag far behind you Italians. But among the volumes published by our Educational Department you will observe the masterpiece of your greatest poet, Dante.

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EPITAPH ON A PROFITEER

BY C. H.

[*Outlook*]

BEFORE nineteen fourteen he plied his wits
To dam the streams of creditors and writs,
But in the War's ill winds he quickly saw
Prosperity for him — within the Law.
'Exempted' by the aid of Lawyer's plea
For which he paid — 't was all he had — the fee,
'Army Contracting' was the work he chose,
From beef to bullets, haversacks to hose.
As agent for a firm who made the guns
He cleared ten thousand pounds and blessed the Huns.
We bought, through him, one million pairs of boots
For soldiers' feet, and then he banked at Coutts,
He purchased ships like profiteers of rank,
And made a fortune when the Steamers sank.
Fully to prove his claim to be a Knight,
He stayed at home while heroes went to fight.
To show his hatred for the German Beast
He gave a banquet when the War had ceased,
And charged his glass till bubbling o'er the brim
To drink the health of those who died for him.

. . . . . .

Great was his wealth, but not enough to pay
His fare to Heaven on the Judgment Day.
Should he but meet those soldier men who died,
God help him if he tries to get inside.

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THE LAST ACT OF THE TRAGEDY[1]

BY GINO BERRI

[WE recently published a triple account of the political crimes committed last April in Bulgaria. The following installment, pointing a tragic but vivid moral for advocates of betterment by violence, concludes the present chapter of this drama.]

THE three terrorists of St. Nedelia Cathedral, who were sentenced to death, were publicly hanged this morning. The day before their execution I visited the condemned men in their cells at the Central Prison. They did not yet know that the King had refused their petition for pardon and that their end was near.

When we entered his cell, Colonel Koev stood at attention, and cast a sharp, questioning glance at each person who accompanied me — the civil commissioner, the prison warden, the Crown Solicitor, a judge, and a colonel of the General Staff. The Crown Solicitor said to Koev that he had no message for him. The condemned man, who seemed quite at ease, perhaps because he still expected a reprieve, shrugged his shoulders.

'This gentleman of the press,' he said, 'of course knows all about my trial and the charge brought against me. I repeat that I am not guilty. A tragic conjuncture of circumstances has made me an object of suspicions which have been twisted into the appearance of evidence, but they are unsubstantiated. I do not think that even my accusers really believe them.'

'Do you know the result of your petition to the military court of appeals?' someone asked.

'I know it has been refused, but I have also petitioned the King for pardon,' he replied, looking straight at his interrogator.

While this conversation was occurring I noted the articles that encumbered the little table where Colonel Koev sat during his hours of solitude — several volumes of general literature and books upon military science; letters from relatives and friends; and many written sheets of paper, on which the accomplice of the terrorists had again recorded his vain effort at exculpation. The prisoner once more tried to impress upon us the absurdity of the charges brought against him, and as we were leaving plied us volubly with questions in an effort to discover what awaited him.

Friedmann occupied the neighboring cell. He rose quickly when the door was opened, and stood in an embarrassed attitude, glancing at our party with a startled look of concern. But this passed instantly, and he resumed his normal composure — the attitude of a man who knows the die is cast. His head had been shaved since his trial, and the loss of his bushy black hair made a great change in his appearance. His cell was even more bare and cheerless than that of Colonel Koev: a washstand, two or three toilet articles, a chair, a mattress on the floor upon which lay a memorandum book containing notes in his own handwriting. We asked him questions.

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily) *May* 28

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'The whole story has been told,' he answered. 'So far as I am concerned I have nothing more to say, except that I am not guilty, because I did not do the things of which I was accused. I can well understand the shock of horror the atrocious crime at the Cathedral caused throughout the world, and I consider it an execrable crime.'

At this point the young prison warden, whose father was one of those killed at the Cathedral, interrupted Friedmann: 'If you really felt what you profess to feel, if you truly pitied those innocent victims, you would have done your duty and denounced the conspirators.'

'But how could I denounce them,' said Friedmann, 'when I knew nothing about their plans?'

'If you had known what they proposed to do, what would you have done?'

'You can judge by what I have said. I should have acted according to my conscience.'

Friedmann told us he had not petitioned the King for a pardon. When we asked why, he answered: 'Because it would have been useless. I have been declared guilty and I know what to expect. I have left my wife free to do as she thinks best. My only personal request to the King has been that I may be shot instead of hanged. So far as the rest is concerned, I am not afraid to die.'

A moment of embarrassed silence followed; then we filed out. As we departed Friedmann saluted each of us with a slight bow.

Zadgorskii, the sacristan, was in a pitiful state, the most unnerved of any of the men. His guards told us that he had spent the previous day and night weeping and praying to God for mercy. He was so weakened with excitement and terror that he had difficulty in rising to his feet. At first he mumbled some words that I could not understand; then he began to weep, fell upon his knees, and, clasping his hands in front of him, begged for mercy.

'I 've helped to commit a horrible crime,' he sobbed brokenly. 'I 'm a scoundrel, a beast, an accursed thing with no hope of salvation.'

'Why did you help the terrorists do this deed? If you had n't aided them it might never have happened, or at least so many people would not have been killed.'

'They told me,' answered the sacristan, while we helped him to his feet again, 'that they were only going to pay back a few people for killing Communists. I never dreamed they would kill hundreds of people.'

'Do you believe in God?'

'I believe,' answered the sacristan, clasping his hands and lifting his eyes to heaven.

'How then do you reconcile your Christian faith with Communist principles?'

'To serve God as I did in the church did n't keep me from being a good Communist outside.'

'And that crime at the church — did you think it was a service to God?'

At this new reference to the outrage the fellow began to wail and weep again. 'I did n't know there was going to be anything so terrible. And then I was frightened. If I had n't done what they wanted they would have killed me.'

Zadgorskii again fell on his knees and prostrated himself with his face to the ground, wailing, 'I am a miserable creature whom all the world despises and abhors.'

When we left the cell one of my companions told me that the sacristan's wife had refused to see her husband, though they had made every effort to persuade her to do so.

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At six o'clock this morning the three condemned men were informed that the King had refused their petition for a pardon and that the execution would occur two hours later. Three gibbets had been erected in a large field in the Gherena quarter, overlooked on one side by a long causeway marking the edge of an athletic field. A white bag concealing the rope inside hung from each.

Spectators had begun to gather at an early hour, and soon an immense crowd, estimated at about thirty thousand people, had assembled. Many people had come in from surrounding towns. Workmen lingered to see the event long after the factory whistles blew. Carriages and automobiles were parked along the neighboring streets. I noticed many women in the crowd. Visitors had provided themselves with opera glasses and cameras for the occasion. If it had not been for the ugly silhouette of the three rude scaffolds rising in the distance, one would have supposed an important sporting-event was about to occur.

The crowd was restless and talkative. It would have been impossible to gather from men's attitude what kind of event they had come to witness. Not until the hour of the execution struck was the loud conversation hushed a little and attention concentrated on the centre of the scene. Mounted policemen prevented the public from approaching within several hundred feet of the actual place of execution. The only exceptions were a little party of officials and a few of us correspondents. No ladies were included.

Just before eight o'clock a truck bearing the three condemned men drove up and halted a few hundred feet from the scaffolds. The prisoners advanced rapidly between two files of soldiers with drawn bayonets. Their hands were bound behind their backs. First came Friedmann in a dark overcoat. As he approached he gazed indifferently at the scaffolds and the little groups of people standing near them, and then let his eyes roam over the distant crowd. Zadgorskii looked like an automaton. His figure was rigid, as if he had no joints, and his eyes stared fixedly in front of him. Last night he ate heartily. This morning he drank several glasses of spirits. Colonel Koev was not as steady as the day before. His fear was apparent in the convulsive tremors that shook his body, and in his contracted features, which showed evidence of his intense agony of mind. Each of the three condemned men was halted in front of the scaffold destined for him, with his back to it.

Immediately the Crown Solicitor advanced and read the sentence of the court. This took about half an hour, but seemed much longer. At his first words, pronounced in the name of the King, everyone uncovered and the soldiers took the caps from the heads of the condemned and threw them at their feet. Friedmann and Zadgorskii listened for a time with their eyes fixed on the Solicitor, while Koev's glances wandered from one to another of the people around him.

While the sentence was being read a white automobile drew up at the point where the circle of spectators came closest to the scaffolds. It contained Koev's relatives — his old mother, who was supported by two gentlemen who tried in vain to prevent her approaching the place of execution, his wife, and his son. The little group advanced a short distance, but were immediately stopped by officers who led them away to a neighboring residence. Koev apparently did not notice the incident, but continued to gaze at the spectators. Friedmann and Zadgorskii soon lost interest in the reading of

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the sentence and gave their attention to the movie men and photographers who were busy taking films and pictures. At length the Crown Solicitor finished his tedious recitation. Thereupon three priests approached the condemned men. The longest of these final conversations was between Koev and his clergyman. The Colonel sobbed as he made his last confession, emphasizing his words with frequent nods of the head. When I asked this priest afterward what impression Koev had made on him, he naturally could not tell me what he said, but merely replied: 'He died in a very disturbed state of mind.'

Friedmann received his priest with a broad smile, remarking that he had nothing to say to him, and dismissed him with a deep bow. Zadgorskii exchanged a few words with his priest, but probably did not know what he was saying. He stood perfectly rigid, as if in a sort of cataleptic fit. Friedmann stepped up to the priest who was attending the sacristan and exchanged a few words with him.

The priests retained their positions beside the condemned men after their mission was finished. The public prosecutor, who was the officer who had demanded the sentence of death, advanced and asked the condemned men if they had a last word to say. Friedmann, standing at ease, replied in a calm and cordial tone of voice: 'I thank you, sir. I have nothing more to say. I have only one request — that my family be not persecuted.' Zadgorskii either could not or would not speak. Upon repeated urging he at length gasped: 'I'm sorry! I'm sorry.'

Koev, who seemed eager to take advantage of every opportunity to assert his innocence, again protested that he was guiltless, adding that he had written to his brother, — who is also under arrest for complicity in the crime, — and asked that the letter be delivered to him. A soldier took this missive from the pocket of the condemned man and handed it to the public prosecutor, who said: 'Have you anything further to add?' Koev answered: 'My mother cursed me because I refused to see my wife again, and her curse has been heard.'

The long, tedious preliminaries were over. The military commander of the prison, who had charge of the execution, ordered the prisoners to be placed under the scaffolds. Friedmann at once stepped to his proper place, and invited his companions with a sharp nod of the head to do likewise. The three executioners were not Bulgarians, but gypsies, ragged, barefooted fellows who had volunteered for the job for a fee of a thousand leva a head. Each took his man in charge and helped him up on a table placed under the noose. But the tables were too low. It was necessary to place stools on top of them, upon which the condemned men, with their bound arms, climbed with difficulty. Friedmann and Zadgorskii did not speak again; but Koev continued to repeat to everyone within hearing: 'Believe me, I am innocent.' The last prayer for the prisoners was recited in the midst of absolute silence, after which a low hum of voices followed as the white bags were lowered to the height of the condemned men's heads.

It is the custom in such executions for the least guilty to die first and the most guilty to be kept to the last, in order that he may witness the death of his companions. According to this rule, Koev was the first and Zadgorskii the second to die. Meanwhile Friedmann stood erect and motionless on his stool, without turning his eyes toward his companions, but staring straight in front of him. He showed no sign of nervousness even at the clatter

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made by the overturned stools and tables when the gypsy executioners kicked them out from under the feet of the condemned men.

Friedmann showed equal self-control when his executioner stepped up to him. The man had some difficulty climbing on to the table to adjust the noose, so Friedmann helped him as well as he could with his bound hands. Thereupon the condemned man, with a last gesture of pride, lifted his head as high as he could, offering his neck to the hangman. He gazed straight up into the sky until the death cap was pulled over his eyes. Thus ended the triple execution.

After it was over a confused clamor rose from the crowd that tried to press closer to the scaffolds. But soldiers and gendarmes prevented their drawing near. Several remained even after the end of the regulation twenty minutes that elapsed before the bodies were cut down, in the hope of getting a piece of the hangman's rope. For it is a superstition here that such a souvenir brings luck to the possessor.

THE UNDERGRADUATE'S RELIGION[1]

AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY SYMPOSIUM

[THE first of the following articles is by an Oxford undergraduate, the second by a Cambridge undergraduate.]

I

ONE of the truisms which has been made so often that it is really becoming true is that the present age is a material age. The worst of the pessimists saying this sort of thing repeatedly is that other people in the end come to believe it and say it about themselves, and then their character gradually approximates to this opinion.

This materialist spirit, if it is possible to make sense of such a combination of words, is reflected to some degree in university life. Business enterprise in Oxford has led to the multiplication of tea shops with jazz bands and to the opening and extension of cinemas. Three years ago tea in college rooms was the rule; to-day it is the exception. Any conversation that might take place at tea, when it is taken in college, is displaced by jazz records on the gramophone. The weekly sum spent by undergraduates on amusements must be very large and probably increasing, while the appeals made by such organizations as the European Students' Relief Committee meet with a disappointing response. These may be but small details, but they seem at any rate to be symptomatic of what may be after all only a phase of Oxford life.

In an atmosphere of tea shops, of high-necked jumpers and mauve flannel trousers, of motor-cars and motor-bicycles, of cinemas and jazz music, how does religion fare? Religion may mean so many different things that in talking about it it is difficult to adhere to any one definition. If it means anything, it ought to mean everything to the man who believes in it. Perhaps it is impossible to get nearer to a definition of it than this, so that if in discussing the

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religion of the undergraduate what seem to the reader to be extraneous subjects are introduced the blame must rest with the writer, whose personal opinion it is that religion includes the whole of life, or if it does not it ought to.

There are, of course, two classes into which people may roughly and arbitrarily be divided — the religious and the irreligious. The religion of the irreligious is prevented from being a religion by a feeling of laziness. It is the religion of a public-school boy, not of an undergraduate. The public-school boy is perfectly prepared to take a gentlemanly interest in Christianity, only the trouble is that he feels it is not quite gentlemanly to take too great an interest in it. His idols are fair play and sportsmanship, loyalty to a corporate cause; and he has a high sense of chivalry. These prevent him from being immoral or disloyal in friendship, and his loyalty keeps him a member of the Church of England. He attends chapel occasionally, and even goes to Communion, because he has been taught to do so and because he is a great believer in tradition.

He is a worshiper of cleanliness, and infinitely prefers to meet it rather than godliness. He has a sort of uneasy suspicion that there is a great deal more to be said for religion than he can say, but he is disquieted by a vague sentiment that were he to give it a thorough examination he might have to revolutionize his life, and this he feels he would be too lazy to do. His instinct for being ordinary advises him to let sleeping dogs lie, not because he is afraid of dogs, but because they might turn out to be lions.

There is in Oxford a widespread religion which is based on shallow intellectualism. It is shallow because it too is lazy. It is believed that after all it is rather stupid to be an orthodox Christian. So many able people say that there are a great many insuperable difficulties in the way of accepting Christianity. Institutionalism has superseded religion, and not to go to chapel is not to be considered laziness, but the sign of a strong stand against an outworn organization.

As a man from a well-known public school said: 'There are two things which no old —— ever does in Oxford. They are chapel and the O. T. C.' How much better than to worship God with obsolete and misleading formulas in a musty old chapel it is to worship Him smoking a pipe in silence under the blue dome of heaven. These 'blue domers' have a great belief in the writings of Mr. Wells, and pride themselves on having cast away fear from religion. Surely they are not the ideals of Lucretius!

Of course, to be quite fair, such an attitude is very often not the result of any dilettante spirit, but of a sincere devotion to truth. It is to be found in budding philosophers and scientists, who would like to believe what they were taught at home and at school but feel it is dishonest to do so. They too spend time smoking a pipe contemplating the absolute, but it is not misspent time; it is time full of that stress which is the inevitable accompaniment of sincere thinking. They think and they talk seriously, and sometimes even passionately, finding out what the problems are, and not being content with a skeptic solution which they believe to be no solution at all.

Akin to these are those who would call themselves modernists in theology. They think and talk as seriously as the others, but they believe that it is better to think and talk inside an institution than outside it. The Church, in spite of all its difficulties, does represent to them something which they value, and they are inspired by the thought that, if Christianity is true, free thinking

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by those who call themselves Christians cannot harm it but will rather strengthen it. A year ago this attitude was fairly widespread in Oxford, but it seems as if to-day there is among undergraduates a desire for a more orthodox position. It is only a change of emphasis from the truth of truth to the truth of Christianity.

Many of those who take up this position are members of the Student Christian Movement, which is undoubtedly the strongest religious organization in Oxford. Up to this year the emphasis of the Movement has been on the intellectual side of religion. It has organized — and still does — study groups on every conceivable subject from Buddhism to birth control. Indeed, its main feature to the external observer would seem to be study groups, but this is not all. There is a very considerable uneasiness among its leaders and members that study by itself leads nowhere. The problem, as they themselves would put it, is how to increase the devotional side of their work. It is a difficult task to provide services for an interdenominational body.

Perhaps the most interesting sign of this attitude is the affiliation of the Oxford University Bible Union to the Movement. The Bible Union represented the strong Evangelical element in Oxford, famous for its piety in the best sense of the word. The desire for affiliation came from the Union's leaders, and is designed to help the work of reunion in the Church. This affiliation is not yet working in practice, — it was only passed by both bodies in February of this year, — but it is felt that it will materially strengthen both parties to the agreement. This Movement is a fair indication of the increasing strength of the Liberal Evangelicals and the passing away of the older die-hard Evangelicals.

It is hoped that the Devotional Union, as the Bible Union has been rechristened, will be able to enrich the spiritual life of the Student Christian Movement. There is a growing reaction against the type of man who has a dilettante knowledge of many subjects connected with religion — what is known as an international mind and a keen social conscience. These are felt to be all very well in a way, but religion means something more than this. The emphasis must again be laid on the value of the good life, and not exclusively on wide ideals.

The third large religious organization is the Oxford University Church Union. It is meant to be a fellowship of all keen members of the Church of England, but it has a tendency to be representative of the Anglo-Catholic party. It is only fair to say that some of its leaders realize the defect of making it one-sided and are doing their best to counteract it; but the Anglo-Catholic party is strong. A year ago it looked as if Anglo-Catholicism were losing its hold upon the undergraduate, but to-day there would seem to be a considerable revival. An average undergraduate's opinion of the Anglo-Catholics is that they are a neurotic sort of people who take no interest in anything but vestments, candles, banners, and incense.

It is true that there is nothing quite so odious as 'the bright young spike'; 'the bright young spark' is infinitely preferable. The 'spike' is not interested in religion; he is interested in its trimmings. At the same time there is among many Anglo-Catholics a very genuine devotion to their religion, and a very real piety; but all of them seem to be afraid of being thought heterodox by the rest. An eminent theologian summed up the position of the three large religious organizations in some such words as these: 'The Student Christian Movement is intellectual and very little else; the Oxford University

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Church Union is æsthetic and nothing else; the Oxford University Bible Union cannot possibly be called intellectual, and certainly is not æsthetic, so that there is probably some real religion in it.'

There is a great deal of tasting different varieties of religion in Oxford. Men go to the Cowley Fathers' Church one Sunday, and the next to Mansfield Chapel or Manchester. There are so many people in Oxford that one wants to hear, and, besides all this, there are constant visitors to Oxford who are of the front rank in preaching. This is true not only of religious meetings but of all kinds of societies. 'Big men' seem to think it worth while to come and air their views in Oxford, so that there are so many distractions that it is difficult to make a choice, and generally very little choice is made. In a world of distractions it is difficult to keep a fixed and settled purpose.

Among most serious-thinking people there would seem to be a tendency to react against the anti-institutionalist attitude. This is only a recent development. The Church is charged with many sins. It is regarded with a sort of tender affection which is felt for people who are very old. Associated with recollections of family life and school tradition, the Church is venerated as a dignified and stately institution. On the other hand, it is felt to be antiquated and obsolete. When it tries to move forward it moves to a social and international gospel, and not to an individual message. People really do want a corporate organization, and have a belief in a body organized for active service. This accounts for the strength of the Anglo-Catholic party in Oxford — at any rate, to some extent.

But the Church is either, as has been said, concerned with politics or else with domestic differences. If it is an article of faith that somehow the universe must be a harmony in spite of all the appearance of evil, misery, and ugliness in the world, it is felt that in the Church it ought to be possible to arrive at an outward form of harmony. There is still a passionate desire for free thought, but it is honestly felt that free thought can only lead to acceptance, and not rejection, of religion.

Shaw's play, *Saint Joan*, has probably had a good deal of influence in this direction. The attitude is expressed by the phrase, 'Personally I believe in Catholicism.' This is, as a matter of fact, a Protestant position. It claims the right of the individual to take his own reason or conscience as the authority by which he decides the truth of Catholicism.

There is belief, on the other hand, in the ideal of an all-embracing Church and a dislike of tests devised, as it is thought, to keep people out. People inside the Church thinking freely are more likely to arrive at truth than outside it. There is strength in people working together and supporting each other, even if their views may not be the same.

Great harm is done by the pessimistic tone of some Church leaders in addressing university congregations. Nearly every sermon by a bishop deals with the need for ordinands, either directly or indirectly. The appeal when made is strictly rational; the speakers seem so frightened of false emotion that they discard all emotion. It is felt that the only way to secure candidates for ordination is not by dwelling on the horrible possibility of the supply of candidates stopping altogether and involving the ruin of the Church, as this implies a lack of faith, but by preaching a courageous individual gospel which will fire men's souls and compel them to go out and preach it to others.

An individual gospel must not lay stress on what sort of good things the

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good man must do, but upon how to be the good man. The problem is how to quicken spiritual life. This, it is felt, can be done only inside a body which unites all sorts and conditions of men and challenges them to take part in a glorious adventure in which others are engaged.

This attitude, which is becoming fairly general, might be called a sort of Catholic Protestantism. How these two positions are to be reconciled in a harmony, which will work in practice, it is hard to see. But it is a genuine desire, and it can come only from inspiration and from the faith of young men in the truth of truth and in the truth of Christianity.

II

An Oxford don had been brought in to dine at Trinity high table, and, not unnaturally, the conversation turned to a comparison of the vices and virtues of the two universities. With a smile of triumph the Oxford ecclesiastic was expecting to have concluded the contest in favor of his own university with the remark that 'while it was true that the coats of arms of both universities included a Bible in a central position, the Cambridge Bible was always shut and the Oxford Bible always open,' when Bishop Lightfoot instantly rejoined, 'Yes, but open always at the same place!'

No comparison, however, is made in this essay between the two universities. The attempt is made to outline the prevailing tendencies of religious thought and the general attitude of the modern undergraduate to God, Religion, and the Church.

There may be such a thing as 'the Oxford manner,' — Cambridge thinks that there is, — and perhaps the appearance of not caring one iota to whom the world belongs may denote the Cambridge man; but an infinite variety of objects may be tarred with the same brush, and the tarring will not make them similar. In fact, the typical undergraduate has not yet occurred. Certainly there are characteristics which are associated with different colleges. But in a general view of Cambridge it would be safe to say that there is far more uniformity in the eccentricity of undergraduate dress than there is in religious belief.

Cambridge may be divided into four main classes in the matter of religion: Atheists — the smallest class; Agnostics; Christians — Active, Passive; 'the Otherwise Engaged' — the largest class.

The Atheists. — Atheism on a large scale and in fully developed minds would be a serious disease, but at a university atheism is only an ailment comparable to measles or mumps at school. One has to go through it, and it probably will not happen again. Indeed, it is a sign that the mind is growing up. For until a boy comes to the university his mind has not had the chance of being independent, even if it were capable of becoming so. The public-school system, which still provides over half the members of the university, is that of the City State in Greece at its most parochial epoch. The boy exists for the school: he must do as the others do, think as the others think, be as the others are. Nonconformity is a crime, and is punished as such.

It is almost impossible that a good public-school boy — that is, 'good with the excellence of' the public school — should have an independent mind when he comes to the university. In consequence, when he becomes a member of a college where the surrounding hedges of regulation no longer stifle his growth, where almost the only rules are those that prevail unwritten in ordinary society, where he may walk adventurously across the grass of the court and pay a mere shilling fine, whereas

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before such iniquity could only be beaten out by the rod, it is no wonder that the contrast turns his head.

Now that he is free, never again will he eat the bread and drink the water that was his prison diet, and as he shuffles off the coils of his public school he often skips gladly from the last ties of religion also. For is he not now a man? Of whom, then, need he be afraid? He has a 'gyp' of his own, a check book of his own, a mind of his own, and a color-scheme of his own, adorning a body that now has become his own. As if shot from a catapult, the young intellect flies onward and upward till it finds conviction of its new egocentric theory of the universe. Presently the young man comes down to earth again, feeling the better and being the wiser for his flight.

Occasionally, having returned from the stars, the young man thanks them that now he is not as other men are; and he becomes 'an intellectual.' He therefore continues to revolt from all fetters, and the world and society as it is, and with a cry of 'Back to Nature!' lets his hair grow long and invests in a Savile Row skin-tight coat. If 'the intellectual' would be a poet — and not infrequently that is his desire — he acquires a pallid look of pasty melancholia, 'the priceless heritage of youth,' and addresses introspective balderdash to a pedestrian muse. He is too selfish to allow a greater god.

Less creative, and much to be pitied, is 'the intellectual' who, finding new fields and pasturage for his restless mind, indulges a new taste for 'sexual' psychology.

But, as was said before, university atheism is but a passing phase, longer and shorter in individual cases. There are, of course, some serious atheists, men who have sadly wrestled with a dying faith, and often sadly find that they have won; but they are few.

The Agnostics. — It might reasonably be supposed by anyone not closely acquainted with modern undergraduates that agnosticism would be prevalent among them. It would be argued that their minds are in the melting-pot at the age which covers a university course, and that their views on the religion which they held as children and schoolboys would be sure to undergo a highly critical examination, that 'authority' would cease to hold them, that a process of refinement would take place and for their childish anthropomorphism substitute a deep and spiritual religion evoking an intenser and a lasting loyalty.

To some extent this process does indeed take place. But in the majority of cases, even the critical examination, apart from the process of refinement, is hardly consciously made, so often does the schoolboy religion just sink back into a remote corner of the mind that is filled up with more exciting diversions. For the class of 'the otherwise engaged' is probably as large as the agnostics, the Christians, and the atheists together.

A 'working' agnostic, that is to say an agnostic who is still engaged in the search for truth, can only be sincerely admired. Most of the agnostics at Cambridge are not content to let the all-important problem of God and religion meet with no solution other than 'I do not know'; they are usually active thinkers, and spend hours of an evening talking and arguing about the eternal verities. They are honestly thinking, in an endeavor to satisfy the intellect's claim in a rational being, that no belief should depend on any external authority, but on reason alone. The 'probable' is not enough — they would not gamble their lives on it; as for faith, it is a coward's refuge.

That the conflict between natural sciences and religion is at an end would

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not be denied by the average developed intellect; but to a young, growing mind there is such a conflict. The trouble is that with the jettisoning of the mythological and allegorical elements in Scripture the young thinker is apt to cast away all the beliefs that as a child and a schoolboy he may have cherished and found worth cherishing, as if there had been no truth, admittedly in nursery garb, in anything that until now he had been taught. The years at the university are, of course, precisely those in a man's life when extreme views and temporary enthusiasms are most readily accepted, held whole-heartedly, for a moment, and discarded, but not necessarily without a veritable agony of mental conflict!

And then a second disturbing factor is that immense intellectual pride which, by the natural reaction seen in the case of the atheist 'intellectual,' and in the rapid development of body and mind in the early twenties, easily upsets balance of thought. Reason and Logic win his worship: they are the gods of his universe and his mankind: anything therefore that is not comprehensible in the light of his two gods the mind of twenty-one rejects. There are no bounds to the young mind: —

> Beyond the visible world it soars to seek
> (For what delights the sense is false and weak)
> Ideal form, the universal mould,

and finds, to its momentary satisfaction, not ideal form, but a vital urge or an Anaxagorean cosmic Νοῦς, with no problems to spoil it such as beset the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, or the Atonement. Of making cosmogonies there is no end, for their manufacture is simple at the age of twenty-one, when one is happy building castles, *sub specie æternitatis*, upon sand.

Probably it is the Christian Church itself, its history, and often its performance, which has been a stumbling-block to many who are now agnostics more than they would care to admit. They may have a horror of its ritual, or of the people who direct it. But can a true judgment be given on a religion from observation only of its adherents, or its ministers? If many of the latter do wear black coats that have gone green with age, the fact does not prove that their religion is also outworn; but it is human nature to think so, apparently.

'The Heretics,' a society composed largely of agnostics, at its weekly Sunday evening meetings has done much to enlarge the ideas of many. One of the conditions of membership is a refusal to accept 'authority' for religious belief.

The agnostics, though not numerically a large class, are important, honest, and interesting, and much can be learned in discussion with them. It would be reassuring to know that Christians of the age of twenty-five had been through a course of university agnosticism!

The Christians. — When in the middle of the night the clocks of Cambridge strike the hour, there is dinned into the mind the painful realization of the number of churches and chapels which the town possesses. Every shade of religious opinion, from the brightest scarlet to the most funeral black, seems to have its shrine and its clock. Variety is found equally among undergraduate Christians. But in a doctrinal examination there would be a large percentage of failures, though the examinees would be the last to care that they were doctrinally at sea. Correctness of belief, a cut-and-dried gnosticism, acceptance of 'authority' — these are hardly the virtues calculated to appeal to the undergraduate Christian. He sees, at least he usually sees, that there are innumerable prob-

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lems to befog him, but he does not on that account throw up a religion which he loves for other reasons than because his pastors and masters taught it to him. For this very reason, that Christianity is not an easy thing, he clings the more closely to it; and the undergraduate who has come up to Cambridge a schoolboy Christian, flown to the stars on elementary materialistic, rationalistic, or atheist wings, come down to earth and crawled in agnostic humility, when he ends up a Christian is usually not a passive one.

If a mediæval bishop arose from his dusty grave and went to call upon the college chapels on a Sunday morning, he would say that since his day Cambridge had gone to the dogs; and from the point of view which sees in Sunday corporate worship, or rather in church-attendance, a barometer of religious feeling, the bishop would be right. The college chapels are not full; most of them are empty. Attendance is not compulsory, though the Deans inform a man if he is particularly delinquent; but in not many colleges would this information be given to anyone who had been to chapel twice in a term.

The college authorities complain that those who profess and call themselves Christians and should, if anyone, support the chapel services, often prefer to go to a church in the town or to one of the unofficial religious societies' meetings which are such a remarkable feature of Cambridge Christianity. But even if all these men did support their college chapel from a feeling of loyalty to the college, the chapels would still be very sadly empty.

There is some deeper cause than æsthetic dissatisfaction with the forms of worship provided which keeps, not only the Cambridge college chapels, but the churches of the country at large, free from the necessity of enlarging their premises. Is it a modern form of the disease which Pindar and Æschylus diagnosed? Has mankind, flushed with success, become arrogant? It seems to be a case of the old Æschylean quartette over again: ὄλβος, ὕβρις, κόρος . . . and ἄτη?

When, however, the mediæval bishop walked through the streets on his way to the chapels, he would be amazed at the lavish advertisements of Christian activities. The Student Christian Movement would be holding a meeting to be addressed by some eminent visitor in the largest hall available; the Intercollegiate Christian Union in one of the big churches; the European Student Relief Fund would be launching a campaign, and so forth. On his way to the Guildhall he might walk through the market place and hear an undergraduate, using the back of a motor-lorry, which he shares with a piano, pouring out his soul to an audience, usually of townspeople, who hang upon his words. Deep can call to deep even in the market square hallowed by 'rags' from immemorial times. Oxford would agree, perhaps readily, that Cambridge Christianity is of a less academic and more evangelistic kind than its own.

There are three campaigns held every year in the Long Vacation. 'The Fruiting Campaign' brings active Christianity and kindness and practical help to the London fruit-pickers, their wives and babies, who go up en masse for the Wisbeach 'season.' The women students look after the babies; the 'medicals' are in constant demand; other men run canteens, concerts, and anything to help the fruit-picker physically, mentally, and spiritually. The elaborate 'rag' recently illustrated in the daily press, at which Eros was unveiled, was held for the purpose of raising funds for this 'Fruiting Campaign.'

The Evangelistic Campaign takes forty or fifty Cambridge men and women students to one of the big in-

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dustrial towns to preach the Gospel at street corners and in factories. Last year they went to Derby; this year they go to St. Helens, Liverpool; and the command to go out into the highways and byways is literally obeyed. For ten evenings crowds gather round the 'pitches,' listen, question, and listen again. The campaign is strictly interdenominational; and on the two Sundays the campaigners occupy the pulpits in churches of their own denomination. All that they set out to do, and what in fact they do achieve, is to communicate what at first hand they themselves know of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, and to tell the people 'the good news.'

The Missionary Campaign is on a larger scale, but its members are of the Church of England only. Every year it too visits one of the large centres of population, for instance Liverpool, Bradford, Greenwich, Plymouth, Bolton, and this year, at the end of September, Croydon. In this campaign the message proclaimed in six hundred addresses in the course of ten days in churches, schools, and public halls is that there is 'one God and Father of us all,' black and white, brown and yellow.

More than once an old Cambridge man has remarked when he has heard of these campaigns, 'We did not do that sort of thing when I was up.' But modern Cambridge is far from proud of its religious achievements. The enthusiasts are few, and though two years ago after a mission to the university, before breakfast on a Monday morning, the largest Holy Communion service ever held in Cambridge history took place in King's Chapel, and seven hundred and fifty men and women witnessed to their faith, it must not be forgotten that there are five thousand members of the University.

'*The Otherwise Engaged.*'—When it is frankly stated that the majority of undergraduates are 'otherwise engaged,' are not interested in religion, and very little concerned about their relation with God, there is no implication that they are either antireligious or irreligious, but that they are unreligious.

The agnostics, most of the Christians, and the few serious atheists, are men who have thought out, and yet are still thinking out, their position; but with 'the otherwise engaged,' as their name suggests, the thinking has yet to be done; at present they have no time for such thoughts, and it is probably thoughtlessness that makes them unreligious. Not that the mass of the university do not think; but there is so much to fill the mind. If a man has a personal interest in music, art, games, religion, science, literature, dancing, motoring, drinking, in anything at all, at the university he will find the like-minded in abundance, and such scope for the gratification of his desires, legitimate and illegitimate, as he never had before and perhaps will never have again.

The tendency, therefore, is to become wholly absorbed in that interest, which becomes an idol, and receives much genuine worship. For one man athletic distinction and admittance to the Hawks' Club will be the end of life. He will not understand that even a Hawk's tie wears out, and the pleasure with it. Another will spend from 1.30 P.M. to 6.30 'down at the river' coaching, day after day, incessantly; he will be unconscious of the transition from heroic altruism to stupid waste of precious time. A third, a hermit in a tobacco-laden cell, will work, and work, and work for his examination, missing half of what the university can give him, and yet cooling a fevered brain with the fond hope that a first class in his Tripos examination will for ever

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solve the problem of his life and happiness.

That the university is but a glorified nursery without a nurse is a conception which would not be understood by these feverishly busy people, for whom the things they do are ends in themselves.

If the question were put to the undergraduate in the street, — he is usually there, — 'What do you think about God?' the answer would be either, 'Oh, I 'm sure I don't know,' or perhaps, 'Religion is a man's private concern,' or a third answer, more truthful: 'I' m afraid that I 've forgotten about God. . . . You see, I 've been so busy. . . . I 've got a new car. She 's a ripper! Come for a run?'

What can be done to interest people of this sort in religion? The Churches do not attract even their passing attention. As it is, a man may have to wait for his mother's death or till he finds a wife before he sees beyond his nose.

Let the critic have mercy upon the undergraduate. He is at an age when either he is too busy to give his God a thought, or, if he has the time and the will to think, he is sure of everything, or equally sure of nothing, and when it seems but an intellectual shirk to say with Tennyson,

I cannot argue, I can only feel.

TO SHEILA PLAYING HAYDN

BY SYLVIA LYND

[*London Mercury*]

Oh, when thy fingers touch the notes, I think
The deer go stepping to the brook to drink;
Beneath the level beech-leaves low I peer,
And see again, branch-horned, the crested deer,
The thin-legged doe, the fawn in that green light
On tiptoe following them out of sight.

Most deft adored, thy nimble fingers make
A thousand pictures in my mind awake;
For no young thing of beast or bird or tree
I've seen, but I have seemed to look on thee,
And at thy sound I go remembering
About the woods of every vanished spring.

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PIONEERING IN BRAZIL

BY SIEGFRIED ALBERT SCHOLZ

I WAS on my way from Buenos Aires to Santos one pleasant June with my bride and some thirty-five trunks and boxes. Business was prostrate in the Argentine capital. Banks were refusing credit on any terms, and I was happy to meet a kindred soul in a young Englishman who had bought a tract of land in the interior of Brazil, where he proposed that I join him in developing a rice plantation. He was to supply the land and experience and I the ready cash. According to his reckoning we should both be fabulously rich within a couple of years. So we drew up a formidable contract written in English, certified to by two witnesses, and formally correct according to the Argentine laws. Unfortunately it was worthless in Brazil, because it was not in the language of that country.

To make a long story short, I found myself a few weeks later richer in experience and poorer in money; but unfortunately the experience did not relate to raising rice. Meanwhile I accidentally made the acquaintance of a Greek who called himself Gregory because no one could pronounce his real name. We began by cursing the English in chorus. Next we indulged in profuse and flowery professions of friendship for each other, which ended in the Greek's describing to me a wonderfully beautiful *sitio* on the Rio da Ribeira. This property lay in the midst of a magnificent virgin forest, with the best water and the handsomest house imaginable. And so accessible — only fourteen hours' journey up the river! His terms for the property were excessively generous. He assured me that he pitied us. My wife had won his heart by quoting some lines of Homer to him. He would let us have the place practically free for three years. I must simply promise to buy my supplies and to get my Negro labor from him. We agreed. He wanted to draw up a written contract, but, taught by my recent experience, I refused. We were gentlemen. A handshake was enough to bind the bargain.

Was there anybody who could show me the place? After some trouble my new friend found a Negro who would take me up there in a canoe. This trip, although it was my first journey up the beautiful Ribeira, with its numerous cataracts and magnificent tropical vegetation, was a most unpleasant experience, for my guide had been drinking heavily and nearly fell out of his canoe with every motion. After many hours' traveling we at last reached the place where, according to my calculations, the sitio ought to be, but nothing was visible on either side the stream except the unbroken forest. The latter was not nearly as romantic as I had imagined from the Greek's description, and was impenetrable for a man without a machete.

The Negro preceded me, slowly cutting his way through the thick undergrowth. We wandered about for hours without discovering a house or a sign of settlement. My spirits sank. Could it be that the sitio was a mere figment of the Hellenic imagination? Just as I was

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Stinnes-Estate daily), *April* 23, *May* 3

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losing hope we stumbled upon a flight of stone steps, and slowly worked our way up to a long building completely hidden by a dense growth of young trees thirty or forty feet high. This was the famous sitio of the Greek.

A few days later we moved up, with a flotilla of canoes carrying our trunks and boxes. A whole tribe of black people, whose language we could not understand, accompanied us. But they were vigorous fellows who rejoiced in activity, as they showed by tossing around our boxes with porcelain, pictures, glasses, and crockery as if they were mere toys — with unfortunate results to the contents that we did not discover until my wife unpacked.

News of our prospective arrival had spread like wildfire through the country, so that when we landed late one evening we were greeted by a great crowd of natives, both men and women, of all colors from ebony to brownish yellow, who promptly pounced upon our trunks and boxes and vanished with them into the darkness. Rather remarkably, not a parcel was lacking when we counted them on our arrival at the building — something that would hardly have happened under similar circumstances in Europe.

Our first night in the gloomy old house, which had stood tenantless for years, was not a pleasant experience. We heard mysterious rustlings, creakings, and groanings in every corner, and strange sounds of flying creatures filled the air. Afterward we discovered that the source of these nocturnal noises was innocent enough — merely a vast gathering of vampires and other bats, rats, snakes, and the myriad prior occupants of the building, who had not been disturbed in their possession for several years and were wildly excited over our arrival.

I was fortunate in discovering among the friendly visitors who poured in upon us during the first days a mulatto who knew a little Spanish. With this man as an interpreter work could begin. We cleared the trees away from around the building, and tore down several attached structures in its rear, where slaves had been confined in the days before emancipation. The present tenants were principally snakes. We cleared the rooms of their uninvited flying, crawling, and scampering guests, and in a few days could boast of the most comfortable residence for many miles around. To be sure, we had no furniture, but we supplied its place with our numerous boxes, which my wife covered with bright-colored calicoes and chintzes for that purpose.

I soon had gathered around me horses, mules, pigs, and fowl, and as I am fond of animals, made good friends with all of them. Rosinante, Fat Moritz, and Poor Heinrich are comrades that I shall never forget. Rosinante was a handsome, rather dirty white nag which kindly Providence led our way after he had already spent many years ambling through this vale of tears. In both character and appearance he resembled remarkably his famous namesake, and I gave him to my wife for a birthday present. She became very fond of him. To be sure, he had a habit of stumbling and falling whenever urged out of a moderate pace. On such occasions he would gaze reproachfully at my wife, wait patiently until she had picked herself up, and when she mounted again would jog placidly on as if nothing had happened. A decidedly intelligent animal!

Fat Moritz was my personal friend. He came to me a rather unimposing little pig, but throve famously on bananas, bread, and bonbons, and became my constant comrade. The bigger and the fatter he grew the better he seemed to understand human speech. I have exchanged many confidences

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with him in the dimness of the virgin forest, and have felt strengthened and comforted by his companionship. When he reached due age and proportions, however, he had to die, and we ate him with tear-dimmed eyes. But that is always the way with one's best friends.

Poor Heinrich was a featherless rooster — a phenomenon rare even in torrid Brazil. This physical peculiarity caused him to be ostracized by the other fowl, although he grew to be a sturdy fellow with a most resonant voice. Notwithstanding the latter advantage, he remained a rank outsider, and in his loneliness was wont to thrust himself upon human society, often invading our living-apartments on cool nights — until he too fell a victim to his human Moloch.

Our sitio was called Bananal Grande, — the Big Banana Plantation, — a name that it did honor. Great fields of bananas grew for kilometres up and down the river — all kinds, from the little black ones to their immense sisters, the earth bananas. In this blessed land there is no difference between the seasons. Summer and winter provide an uninterrupted succession of luscious fruits. Melons grow on trees; nuts are as large as ostrich eggs; and a kind of cherry, the *butikava*, clings to tree-trunks, as large around as a man, that look as if they were upholstered with black velvet.

For a long time after my arrival I kept asking myself why this rich, magnificent sitio had remained deserted for so many years. When we cleared the woods away from around the house I noticed how many snakes were killed, ranging all the way from the tiny but extremely venomous coral snakes to the big jaracrussu, whose bite kills in a few hours. One day a Negro let the cat out of the bag. He had not done so sooner because he feared we might leave immediately. The previous owner of the property had lost almost all his livestock and several children by snake-bites, and when it was reported that the terrible 'crussu' had been seen in the house itself he abandoned the place in a panic and sold it to the Greek.

I was somewhat disturbed by this, and had the floor torn up in all the rooms. We found the traces of a big serpent, but nothing else except deposits of apparently century-old dirt and rubbish. Nevertheless, some mysterious creature seemed to be moving about in the building, for I often heard a strange rustling and hissing over my head at night.

A few days later I chanced to be talking in front of our house with a new friend, Joan Maria, an exceptionally shrewd, honest Negro. We were getting along very well in Portuguese, although I still knew only a few phrases in that tongue. Suddenly I saw a wonderfully beautiful black-and-yellow serpent crawl out between the foundation stones. To my astonishment, it seemed endless, and must have been a good twelve feet long. I started to shoot it, but Joan Maria stopped me. He said I was lucky to have such an animal around the house, for it was the mortal enemy of rats and mice, which otherwise would eat up everything I had. This serpent was a *caninana*, and proved to be extraordinarily tame. It glided between us as we stood there without showing the slightest sign of fear, drank water from a basin, and disappeared whence it had come. This explained the nocturnal noises. After its first appearance we saw it almost daily. At one time or another it visited every room in the house, and my wife became very fond of it.

Joachim had urged me for several days to start felling the forest. He assured me it was high time to begin, if we were to plant rice that season and get a

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good crop. It was already the middle of November, and *rossas* for rice really ought to be ready by the middle of October. We also needed more help. Consequently great preparations were made. He convinced me that laborers would not come for money, but that I could attract plenty of them by giving a 'big feed.' We must have a fiesta and make a good impression upon our neighbors. He figured on fifty healthy Negro appetites, made preparations accordingly, and seriously reduced the contents of my pigsties. I counted on fifty pairs of strong Negro arms and dreamed of the immense area that might be cleared.

Everyone who was invited turned up, most of them several days beforehand, usually with their women and children. Joachim did the honors like a grand seignior, treated his guests like princes, and ignored me and my wife completely. He was right in doing so, however, and I learned from him how to handle Negroes. At first I gaped with astonishment at the quantity of food these people could hold. Next I gaped with astonishment at the amount of work they could do. The sound of hacking, crashing, splitting, and the thunder of falling trees echoed through the virgin forest from sunup to sundown as soon as fifty pairs of powerful Negro arms attacked the jungle, and sooner than I imagined possible I had the fairest and biggest clearing, or rossa, and the smallest stock of provisions of any planter along the whole Ribeira.

After a tract of forest has been cleared it must be left to dry for two or three weeks before burning. This burning is a job for an expert, for the fire must consume all the fallen timber and yet must not get out of hand in the neighboring forest. My rossa burned gloriously, and nothing was left behind but a few remnants of unusually huge trunks and mighty limbs half-changed to charcoal. Black ashes covered the smoking earth that was to be planted with rice. I had only the vaguest ideas about this planting, but dared not ask for information from my help. A white man must never seek wisdom from a black man in this country. Joachim kept inquiring how I wanted to plant the rice — how many grains in each hole, how far apart, whether I was going to plant maize or beans alongside, and several other things. These were just the facts that I should have liked to know myself. So I contrived to have a bad attack of malaria with a high fever, which kept me in the house and was an excuse for leaving things to Joachim's judgment, in which, as I assured him, I had the fullest confidence.

Several Negro families from the neighborhood — men, women, and children — were quickly recruited for this work. Each was provided with a long pointed rod and a sort of pocketed apron. My wife had to supply the latter from the pocket handkerchiefs and serviettes in her hope chest — beautiful, brand-new pieces embroidered with monograms. Unfortunately our laborers did not appreciate this elegance, as was obvious when they returned the articles after the work was done. Joachim's orders were: 'A hole with ten to twenty grains of rice every step and a half, in rows a step and a half apart. Between them a row of maize, two grains in each hole two paces apart, and beans three in a hole around the unconsumed tree-trunks and branches.'

As soon as I learned that the planting was under full headway I mustered up courage to go out among my workers, wearing a haughty, unapproachable expression on my face. I saw them marching ahead of me in a long skirmish-line, making rhythmic motions. They drove the pointed stick into the earth with a swift blow, withdrew it, dropped a few grains of seed in the hole, and moved on

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without pausing a moment, without a word to each other, in a steady march across the burned clearing. I saw and wondered. I measured the distance between the hills, counted the grains, and everything was exactly according to orders.

A few days later the first seedlings were up. Warm rains soaked the ashy earth, at the same time encouraging the growth of luxuriant tropical weeds that threatened to stifle the crop. These weeds were dug out with a *yuchada*, a straight-tined, sharp rake, and at the same time the soil was opened up around the plants. This was toilsome and expensive work, but must be done thoroughly unless the whole crop was to be lost.

After this *carpinacion* the rice speedily shot up to its full height and began to ear out. I counted hills in moist spots that yielded one-hundred-and-tenfold, and sometimes in swampy hollows I have seen a yield of two-hundredfold. But most of the burned-over clearing in dry ground gave only thirtyfold to eightyfold. The latter rice, however, is incomparably better flavored. It is seldom exported, but is eaten by the Negroes themselves.

The four months until the harvest passed rapidly. They were spent building a big paddock for my pigs, planting a vegetable garden, destroying thousands of ant nests, salting down an immense quantity of fish, and setting *mundeos*, or deadfalls, in the woods for armadillos — in short, accumulating the largest possible quantity of pork and provisions for the harvest home.

Joachim impressed upon me that this must be made a grand fiesta for everybody. Above all, there must be a prodigal supply of food. It was impossible to have too much. And I personally knew already that Negro stomachs are unfathomable.

When the four months were over, Negroes began to pour in from every neighboring hillside and valley in long processions, with children and gear, each bringing a sleeping-mat, a tablespoon, and an enormous appetite. The nights were warm, clear, and starlit. No one wanted to stay under cover; so my visitors camped in picturesque groups in the yard, sang droning, guttural songs, and laughed and joked until the dawn capped the distant misty mountain-heights in rosy clouds.

I have often stared with wide-eyed admiration at a great pianist's fingers dancing over the keys, but that was as nothing compared with the astonishment with which I watched the incredible quickness with which a native harvester would snip off the individual rice-heads with his primitive pocket-knife — *canivette* — until they formed a bunch as large as his left hand could hold. Thereupon the handful or *punido* was spread out upon the ground. Each harvester worked eagerly to leave more of these little ribbons of rice-heads spread out behind him than any of his rivals. A few hours later, when the heads were thoroughly cured in the tropic sun, they were gathered up in baskets, loaded on mules and horses, and carried to the sheds.

At length the rice lay in great mountains in the *pajol*. Every day deep air-shafts had to be shoveled into it to prevent the tropic heat from starting a spontaneous conflagration. Buyers were pressing for delivery. It was high time to begin to thresh. This could be done in two ways. The grain could either be beaten out with a kind of flail — a long and wearisome labor — or it could be danced out. I decided for the latter. Preparations were speedily completed. A cask of *aguardiente* and a few hundredweight of baked bananas were prepared. For the ladies we got ready a supply of cakes made of *farina do mandioca*, or mandiac meal — a

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preparation that always tasted to me remarkably like toasted sawdust. Messengers bidding in our guests were sent out in every direction, and soon came back with an abundance of acceptances. Indeed the whole countryside was instantly on the qui vive for the great event.

Our ball was set for evening, but the first guests began to arrive the previous dawn. Then came from great distances out in the blue mountains, where there are no rice and beans, and nothing much to eat but game — tall, sinewy men, with magnificent predatory jaws, armed to the teeth with ancient muzzle-loaders and long machetes, and wearing red shirts, blue trousers, and immense rice-straw hats. They had been on the trail all night, but showed no trace of fatigue on their arrival. We received them with all due honors, and left them to their own devices for the day.

A few hours later I discovered that the steps leading up to the terrace on which my house stood — an ancient construction of green slate — were half ruined. Some of the treads had disappeared entirely, and big fragments of the others had vanished. I asked Joachim what had happened. He laughed and said the mountaineers had probably done it. They are very fond of chewing this green slate, which has a sweetish flavor. I went out to where my guests were camped on the lawn and found them sitting in a great merry circle, each with a chunk of slate about the size of a walnut in his mouth, which he was gnawing and licking as if it were a piece of candy. A fine prospect — not yet noon and half my front steps already devoured!

As evening approached our friends from the immediate neighborhood began to arrive — men, women, and children, bringing guitars and other instruments, all clad in their Sunday best, with shining, perspiring faces. The *pajol* was duly decorated for the occasion. Little Christmas candles were lighted in safe places. A low rampart of rice sacks was erected in front of the musicians and patronesses and in the immediate vicinity of the rum cask. The last rays of the departing sun gilded the scene, and the weird, mournful cries of nesting waterfowl came to us from the distant marshes, while frogs and crickets joined in the forest vespers.

Threshing could begin. The heads of rice were piled evenly a full yard thick over the entire floor. Guitars and banjos struck up. Couples were quickly chosen and began slowly to circle over the floor, sinking to their knees in the yellow heads of grain. This kept on until not a kernel of rice remained in its husk. The musicians sang sad forest-songs in deep, gutteral tones, describing the beauty of the mountains, the crystal clearness of the streams, but always coming back to the burden of their theme — the hospitality of their host and hostess, Don Alberto and Doña Gertrude, who had given them this fine festival. Unluckily for me, women enjoy the same right as men to choose partners at these country dances, and here as everywhere else the ladies are fonder of dancing than their escorts. Every woman in the party, from mature matrons down to little girls hardly more than children, had set her heart on dancing at least once with the host. Both the rules of courtesy and my masculine pride forbade my refusing these invitations. So I danced and danced until the first rays of the sun gilded the distant mountains — pale, with trembling knees, and chattering teeth, a miserable sacrifice to the duties of rank and station.

Only one of my Negroes could read and write, and he was the worst good-for-nothing in the lot. He was always making Communist harangues to the

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other laborers and figuring out how much rum, cigars, and matches I was earning, and probably saying that my house ought to be burned down over my head.

A strong healthy laborer, working from sunup to sundown with one hour off at noon, could earn a milreis — about fifty-five cents — a day. Women earned half and children a fourth that amount. In the summer the days are long and the heat is extreme, and a milreis was at that time worth ten boxes of matches. Yet nobody ever worked more than three days a week. Every conceivable holiday, religious or national, was conscientiously observed, although in no other respect did the people show much interest in either Church or State. People came to work when they wanted salt, tobacco, sugar, matches, cotton cloth, or rum. When they had earned what they required they returned to their cabins in the woods.

I had a large stock of all these desirable articles on hand, and had also provided myself with a pair of accurate scales, a metre rule, and a certified litre-measure. I was resolved to deal honestly with my customers. But the country folks looked upon me as they would upon a Portuguese merchant, and had no confidence in my scales. My metre measuring-rule sometimes seemed too long to them and sometimes too short. The weights were always too light. I could not win their confidence until I threw all these modern improvements aside and began to serve them *al pulso* — that is, 'by feeling.' This means I estimated with my eye and hands the length of a yard of cloth, the amount of a litre of rum, the weight of a kilogram of sugar. I had to learn new units of measurement. Tobacco was sold by the length of my middle finger, one hundred reis a piece. Coffee was sold by handfuls. In damp weather ten handfuls made a kilogram, in dry weather twelve. Sugar was also sold by handfuls, and bacon by *palmos*, or hand-widths. As soon as I adopted this system my customers were perfectly contented, and when they were disposed to dispute my measurements I delivered a little lecture, telling them that all my goods absorbed moisture and if they were not satisfied with my kilograms of sugar they should always buy it in the morning when the sun was hottest.

Later, when I let out the clearing of the forest by contract, I tried at first to lay out the tracts as accurately as possible, but that proved impracticable. When I started to measure the land with my metre tapeline I was almost lynched. Nothing would do but I must measure it by *brazzadas*. A brazzada is the length, from heel to finger-tip, of an average-sized man with his arm lifted straight above his head. Although I am very much taller than the average man, and have exceptionally long arms, my brazzada was the only one that would do. When I measured by that, peace and confidence were restored among my workers.

Rice was measured by alqueires. One alqueire is about forty litres. In buying and selling it is measured in a wooden measure of twenty litres' capacity. It takes long practice to buy and sell in this way, for a little clever shaking will change the amount of rice in a measure considerably. I had a specialist in this business who before coming to me had served a long term in prison for robbery and murder. He always accompanied me whenever I bought or sold rice, and by shaking gently or violently and giving a particular twist to the measure, as the occasion demanded, he could vary the amount of rice required to fill it by about six litres to every alqueire.

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GRABBING A VILLA[1]

A GENTLE HINT TO ALL POETS IN NEED OF LODGING

BY KARIN MICHAELIS

THE Villa Cargnacco on the Lago di Garda was acquired in 1910 by the famous historian of art, Geheimrat Professor Henry Thode, who also became owner of its costly furnishings, the seven thousand volumes of its library, its paintings and art treasures. The villa, like other German property, was sequestrated on July 21, 1918, and in 1921 was confiscated outright. But in the latter decree it was provided that under certain circumstances the German owners might receive back their property. There was reason for making such an exception in this case, since Henry Thode had done yeoman service to Italy with his books on Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Saint Francis of Assisi, Correggio, and Mantegna; and the King of Italy had recognized these services when Thode settled down in Gardone with the title of 'Grande Ufficiale dell' Ordine di St. Maurizio e Lazarro.' After his villa had been seized, Professor Thode left a housekeeper and a gardener behind to take care of the house and the park, while he and his wife, the Danish Court violinist Hertha Thode, went abroad to live. In 1920 Henry Thode died and his young widow went to Denmark, where her parents were living, and where, in the midst of her mourning, she received news that Gabriele d'Annunzio had moved into the Villa Cargnacco and was living there.

She could not believe it, but friends in the Italian legation confirmed the rumor. It was true. She hastened immediately to Gardone. Yes, it was true. The lord, the prince, the poet, had come with his followers, his legionaries, his eight automobiles. He had come, and the beautiful Lago di Garda had pleased him. He would like to stay here — but where? There was Henry Thode's villa. The two faithful servants who were serving as custodians refused to let the poet in, with the words: 'The villa is sealed by the Government. No one can come in'; to which the poet made prompt response: 'There is no seal for d'Annunzio.' He broke it and marched in.

The villa is wonderfully furnished. On the walls hang magnificent artistic treasures, a genuine Rembrandt, many pictures by Hans Thoma. The furniture is chosen with exquisite taste. The park is a dream. The poet understood as much. He said: 'I shall stay.' He stayed. It was a brilliant way to find quarters in times of housing-shortage. If the furniture had pleased him and the villa had not, he would probably have loaded pictures, books, and furniture upon the eight automobiles.

For all practical purposes, everything now belonged to him. The poor young widow, who had lost all she possessed in the villa, sought out d'Annunzio. One does not easily get to see d'Annunzio, however, even when he has set up housekeeping in one's own

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *March 24*

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house. His chamberlain, Signor di Dante, is very strict. Only on written introduction to the secretary is one received. Frau Thode armed herself with an introduction from one of her friends, and behold, the poet wrote her: —

I thank you for bringing me word from a very dear friend. I thank you for the honor that you do me through your gracious visit. It is very painful to me to reflect that I receive you in a house that is your own. I understand your difficulties. I should like to find excuses. But your house is cared for with the greatest scrupulousness, and the roses in the garden are sacrificed to the memory that abides there.

Please do me the honor to come to Cargnacco to-morrow, May 1, about five o'clock, or to select a day and hour that will suit you. Thank you very much.

GABRIELE d'ANNUNZIO

April 30, 1921

He sent one of the eight automobiles to bring Frau Hertha. She went, hoping and trembling.

The poet received her heartily, and assured her: 'Your house is in good hands. Just suppose someone had it who did not know how to respect it!' And then: 'What do you want with me?'

Frau Thode answered frankly: 'Since you yourself raise the question, I should like to know how long you intend to stay in my house.' To which the poet: 'My life calls me to great problems. I cannot say exactly. Probably six weeks.' She told him with sobs that the Villa Cargnacco was all she owned. She was dependent on it, and on it alone. D'Annunzio replied: 'Your husband was an extraordinary man. I can judge by his sketches. They have been of great use to me.'

Unsuspecting and confiding, she inquired: 'Will you use your influence in Rome to get me back my house?' He promised.

Frau Thode now dwelt in a pension in the village, waiting the time when d'Annunzio should sally forth upon his great tasks. Nothing happened. Then she learned that he was turning every stone to keep the villa — that he had secretly sent an agent to Rome to persuade the Government to give it to him. Frau Hertha, disturbed, immediately went to Rome herself, where she too had influential connections. If everything else failed, there was still the possibility that she might buy back her villa, which by sundry devices had had such a low valuation that even if bought back it would be practically a gift. It looked in Rome as though she had some hope of getting it back. The Minister of Commerce gave her a friendly reception. Then some little palace-revolution happened, through which d'Annunzio's friend Belotti became Minister of Commerce. Five days later d'Annunzio had the villa, as a gift or as a purchase.

The poet sent a telegram of thanks, in which he observed: 'Now I shall Italianize the Lago di Garda. The barbarians who formerly lorded over it shall be driven out'; and he announced: 'Now the villa is mine.' The housekeeper commiserated: 'My poor, dear lady!' D'Annunzio was magnanimous: 'Frau Thode shall receive from me all the objects she desires, and I shall even influence the Government to give her an indemnity.'

Frau Thode went to see d'Annunzio, taking a lawyer along. She was not received. Signor di Dante exclaimed: 'We have already refused a general to-day, but if the gracious lady would have come alone — '

Frau Thode wrote letter after letter, to which d'Annunzio vouchsafed no answer. Meantime the campaign against him opened in Denmark. The papers were full of it. The Authors' Club wrote d'Annunzio a very polite

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letter. No answer. Then they wrote another, somewhat sharper in tone. The poet was too great to concede an answer to his Danish colleagues, but now he wrote to Frau Thode: —

I have been ill. I beg you to come to breakfast with me on Saturday. We shall talk together. I am ready to give you everything you ask for.

(*Signed*) *June* 1922

Humiliating though this was, she went. She did not want to antagonize him. There was too much at stake. At her first visit the villa was much altered and could scarcely be recognized. D'Annunzio talked about the campaign and begged her to stop further writing about him. In that case he would not be unreasonable. Indeed, he promised to give her everything. She need only send him a list, and he would send her back the objects. As a matter of fact, he had bought the house from the Government, and bought it at a very high price. He was sorry, but it was not his fault.

In despair the young woman went 'home' and wrote out her list. Above everything she wanted her husband's collected manuscripts, his diaries, his collections of letters, — in short, everything in his writing-desk and in the drawers of his study, — and, in addition to this, certain personal possessions, some of the great collection of Thoma paintings, — which represented a fortune in themselves, — and, finally, a marble bowl in the garden, which she intended for Herr Thode's grave.

D'Annunzio wrote: —

I am still somewhat ill. Please excuse me. I have read your list — not without amazement. I bought the villa and the furniture without any exceptions, under a regular contract, and paid the price at the State Treasury. The objects in your list amount to two-thirds of the whole amount which I paid for the furniture, and, moreover, there are some things on the list which I never received. I am a good workman, magnificent in my poverty, and what you call my magnanimity unfortunately has limits.

I am therefore compelled to reduce my offers, the more so as the work about the house has led to several permanent changes. I regret that your visit, as you yourself observed last time, was too late.

(*Signed*) *July* 7, 1922

According to the law of 1922, German subjects were to receive back their movable property, and Frau Thode was requested by the authorities to send in a list, whereupon she would receive everything. She sent the list. Other Germans got back what they owned, but she did not. The authorities declared that d'Annunzio refused. She was advised to appeal to his well-known magnanimity. She did. But as we have seen, his 'magnanimity unfortunately had limits.' When Frau Thode heard nothing and received nothing, she sent a confidential messenger. This was several times repeated. Finally he brought back a document written by d'Annunzio: —

If Frau Thode does not sign this, everything is over and she can expect nothing.

The document ran as follows: —

I declare herewith that through d'Annunzio's kindness I have received the following objects, which he bought, together with the other furnishings of the Villa Cargnacco, from the Italian Government.

A list of about twenty articles was appended. After painful cogitation the unfortunate woman signed. At any rate, the list said 'all manuscripts.' Frau Thode had been, not only Henry Thode's wife, but also his intellectual friend and companion. She had been interested in everything he wrote and in the outlines for his further work. She knew what was in his writing-desk and in his files.

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The objects were passed out at d'Annunzio's door by a woman, and the messenger found himself compelled to get a pushcart in order to bring them away. Fortunately, when Frau Thode received the things, there were witnesses at hand to testify in what a shameful and contemptible way everything had been piled together. The trunk in which, according to the list, 'all manuscripts' were to be was partly filled with worthless old papers and bills. In the upper part of the trunk, which looked as though somebody had emptied a wastebasket into it, lay a broken umbrella, a squashed hat, and the moth-eaten livery of a servant. The wrappings of an envelope on which Henry Thode had written in his own hand, 'To be burned unread after my death,' had been violently torn away and the contents scattered about. Where were the manuscripts? Where were the diaries? Where were the intimate letters? There was a picture of Henry Thode, but it had been ripped out of its valuable frame.

That d'Annunzio did not feel quite easy in his mind is shown by the following letter: —

I was intending to write you when I received your kind letter, written in Italian, and therefore doubly welcome. The distressing campaign against me in Denmark, founded on a barefaced lie, continues. Your own great poet, Johann Jorgensen, now in Assisi, himself calls it abominable. Have you never felt it your obvious duty to check by a public word the injustice done me? All the manuscripts and documents of Henry Thode have been in your possession since October 1921. I said as much to the officials and representatives of the Government. I have never opened a trunk or a chest. No one could show himself more correct or brotherly.

Finally, I wish to propose to do a striking service to you very soon so far as the paintings are concerned, and I hope to be able to restore to you the one attributed to Rembrandt, and to get paid back to you at least part of the considerable sum that I have paid to the State Treasury. But how can I with an open heart try to help you if you do not make an honest effort to check attacks which, though they do not trouble me, are disagreeable to Italians living in Copenhagen?

You might telephone to Jorgensen in Assisi in order to inform him of my friendly treatment. If you want, you might send me the letter, and I would send it on. Otherwise it will be hard for me to stretch out a hand toward a hand which greets me with unfair blows. Understood?

Receive my heartiest greetings and wishes.

(*Signed*) *July* 21, 1922

Eight days later came a letter: —

The misunderstanding is not cleared up, and I cannot help smiling. I am reputed to be a usurper of property, one like those who partially destroyed Friuli, and yet I am the lawful owner, since I bought a confiscated German villa on harsh terms from the Italian Government. Try to make your countrymen understand this, and tell them that I will not stoop to do it.

Hearty greetings and sincere wishes.

(*Signed*) *July* 28, 1922

A week later came another letter: —

I have let myself be abused for a month at a time with the patience of a Franciscan. I think that the misunderstanding must now come to an end. The contestants have seen that my patience has changed into unappeasable energy. Any such campaign against me is destined to fail. From the beginning in this matter I am stainless. You know it. I think it ought to be your duty to enlighten your people on this matter. I do not permit myself to ask for sympathy. But in closing I bear witness herewith to what I have said in your interest, as I wrote once before. The results of the war are terrible as war is terrible, but I have shown myself superhuman, and will do nothing more. Go with a peaceful and upright heart.

(*Signed*) *August* 6, 1922

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Frau Hertha never got the Rembrandt painting, which represented a large sum, nor the paintings by Hans Thoma which d'Annunzio had promised orally.

The poet had sold the latter at auction in Milan long ere this for something like three hundred thousand lire.

In 1918 the Italian authorities, in the presence of witnesses, had made an inventory of the Villa Cargnacco. Among other things this included a sealed chest. The list said: 'This chest received the number 477, and was placed in the Bank of Salo.' The chest contained a large amount of valuable gold and silver, precious articles and ornaments, as for example a medallion by Benvenuto Cellini. Scarcely had d'Annunzio settled in the villa when he sent for it. Of its contents Frau Thode received the following: a seal, a little box with a gold watch, and a paper weight.

While Frau Thode sat on the shore of the lake Garda, looking sadly toward her lost paradise, boats were going past carrying singing youths who rowed to the Villa Cargnacco and cried: 'Evviva d'Annunzio!' While aviators flew above the villa, showering it with flowers.

The only thing that amazes me as a woman and an artist is the fact that all the artists of Europe and America have not condemned d'Annunzio in one flaming protest. What I have written I have done on my own account and without request by Frau Hertha Thode. All I have done is borrow material in order to be able to give the letters with literal correctness.

I should be delighted to have newspapers big and little copy what I have written in whole or in part.

FROM PARIS TO MOSCOW[1]

BY PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

[THE author is a young Paris attorney and author who has written several volumes of stories and plays, and is a Communist Member of the Chamber of Deputies.]

THE Gare du Nord exhales the usual cloud of smoke from under the high roofs of its train shed. The Warsaw Express is filled to overflowing with a mixed crowd: French officers in mufti returning to their posts; international profiteers bloated with overeating and self-importance, keen on the trail of a tract of timber to be pillaged, a cargo to be bought cheap, or a fat Government contract; and several pretty, arch-browed, olive-complexioned Jewesses scattered here and there on the compartment seats like *objets de prix*.

Our smudgy compartment contains a Japanese who speaks German and laughs in a shrill staccato voice, two French drummers, one a Norman and the other a Gascon, of precisely the same *petit bourgeois* type, and a flabby-faced cosmopolitan with heavy pockets under his eyes.

The last of these is the first to speak. 'I've been in the Belgian Congo, way

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *May* 7, 9, 11, 12

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back upcountry, two months' journey from the nearest Government post. I was the only white man among my black porters. I was hunting for the museums. I had the right, as a representative of the Government, to use *la cadouille* — that is, a whip with three lead bullets on the end of the lash. That is the thing to keep your porters in line! I once killed a fellow with three blows from one. The other niggers — two hundred of them — just stared at me and did not move. I reckon they approved what I did because I was sure right.

'I did n't hunt big game, no sir, unless forced to. That was too dangerous. But I killed lots of monkeys. At first it was good fun; and it paid well on account of the skins. But it finally got to be a bore. When a monkey fell, all the others scampered down from the trees and rushed up to him to lick his wound and try to carry him off. A man shoots, and more come. All you got to do is to shoot one after another. But I am home for good. No, I shall not go out again. A man ruins his health in the colonies.'

The two Frenchmen listened to this African hero, this killer of men and monkeys, with open-mouthed admiration, and began to make inquiries about the Negresses.

All night long we traveled in our overheated compartment through the glare of the iron and steel country. The railroad follows the coal seams through Northern France and Belgium. Every few minutes the flaring gas of a furnace or a shower of sparks from a casting-floor shot a ruddy glow through the window.

Two French noncommissioned officers, reënlisted men, come into the car — drunk as swine. They are in a conquered country. One of them addresses himself to the little Norman drummer sitting next to me: —

'You seated! Me sit in your place! Me French soldier! Boche, get out!'

He talks 'nigger talk,' thinking the German, as he imagines my seat companion to be, will understand him better. He repeats his order, shouting as if to a deaf person, and the other sergeant chimes in, blowing his liquor-laden breath into the face of his comrade: —

'Get out, or I'll smash your face, Fritz!'

The little Norman drummer gapes with stupefaction, lifting his honest eyebrows with astonishment. The sergeant who spoke first grows furious: —

'*Nom de Dieu!* The damned scoundrel's too fresh! I'll show you!'

He leans forward threateningly, whereupon the other drummer, the Gascon, intervenes: 'You 're mistaken, soldier, we 're Frenchmen.'

'Oh, pardon! Excuse me! I — I — I did n't notice — '

Thereupon the two blue-uniformed fellows leave with unsteady steps, bumping against the sides of the corridor as they disappear toward the other end of the car.

The Ruhr. Our human cargo has changed somewhat. A capitalist advance guard has stormed the dining-car for a breakfast including lavish portions of butter and jam — an advance guard of triple-chinned men with perspiring, shaven heads and a sort of massive ferocity. Our train fairly shoots them in triumph through their land of pig iron, cement, and cinders. A single long, straggling town traverses an entire province. Huge laboratories of coal and steel hem in the view. A great red serpent crawls across the scene — a stream of molten slag; and on either side of the road men — little gray and black spots — appear, fussily busy at the foot of great mechanical monsters. Men everywhere, under the disdainful eye of their triple-chinned masters —

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men above ground and below, perched high aloft on huge cranes and aerial tramways, and buried hundreds of yards beneath the surface, prisoners in the mines.

Then long rows of workmen's tenements, side by side — great prisons like the ironworks themselves, which are also prisons. When a little strip of green meadow unexpectedly appears, it is dotted with flocks of crows that look like chunks of coal.

The Spree. Our express has become an elevated train, suspended at the height of second-story windows. Behind these windows at first are geraniums, and a little later shops. In these shops people are busy cutting cloth, tanning leather, carving wood, dyeing yarn. Other shops with frosted windows conceal I know not what mysterious toil. The masters no longer pay any attention to the view. They talk business, and are impatient to get to Friedrichstrasse.

'As a matter of fact business has never been better. We are stabilized.'

An hour's stop at the Schleswig Bahnhof. Barber shop. Picture postcards. Three children dance down the corridor delightedly as our train pulls out of the station, bumping into two fat, hairy-handed travelers.

Another night in the train, and morning greets us in East Prussia. Green meadows and green forests on both sides the track, each carefully kept in due proportion to the other. Nature organized! Fields where potatoes and beets have just been planted. Young wheat ripples in the wind. An erect rider in a green hat, followed at a respectful distance by a groom, inspects his crops.

Eidkunen. Customs examination. An absurdity here, in the heart of Europe! Poland, that nonsense, invaded our train in the middle of the night when we entered the Danzig corridor. In order to cross our continent travelers must jump boundaries the way dogs jump hurdles on the stage — thus demonstrating the folly of the capitalist victors at Versailles! Between Paris and Russia our passports are viséed nine times, our luggage is examined seven times, and our tickets are inspected eighteen times. And to cap the climax, the costly nightmare of changing money! Francs, marks, letts, and lits! And the franc the poorest of all!

Lithuania! Passport fees are the principal source of national revenue. Money and postage stamps bear the design of a cavalryman on a rearing horse flourishing a sabre. The ticket-inspector wears epaulets. The only languages spoken are Yiddish and Russian. Kovno is called Kaunas. The Communists are in prison. The uniforms are English, the pound sterling is at a premium, all trade is in the hands of Britishers, and Lithuania is a free country!

Latvia. The dining-car is full of Germans — men and women built to wear armor. Without it they look like flayed rhinoceroses. *Zakuski, Schnaps!* They give the vodka a quick toss that jerks it halfway down their throats.

Between the Latvian frontier and Riga our tickets are inspected four times within an hour. That is a record. It takes three men to perform this duty. The first opens the door, pulls back the curtain of the apartment, and says, 'Tickets!' The second takes the tickets and punches them without saying anything. He is the workman. The third man closes the door and salutes the company as he departs. Here too the Communists are in prison, the uniforms are English, the pound sterling is at a premium, and all trade is in the hands of Britishers, and Latvia is a free country!

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Riga. It is night. We find the first snow here, after crossing the frozen Dvina, where we felt the ice rather than saw it. The first Russian tea. A long wait in the station restaurant under hideous gilded chandeliers.

The train for Russia. Lett officers with revolvers in their hands boot into the train shrinking conscripts sent to garrison a frontier post. I fall sound asleep, rocked by the slow motion of the train. Who are my fellow passengers? Riga has absorbed the last of the German *Schieber*. Shifty-eyed men have taken their place — the nepmen, spewed out by Russia and sneaking back humbly to knock at her back door.

A gray dawn. Outside the double windows the Russian forests — tall trunks of pines and birches, alternating black and white. Here and there sleigh-tracks through the drifts. The forest rampart, with its immobile sea of snow shining at its feet, is broken at intervals by a tiny clearing and a village.

Our passengers show sudden signs of agitation. We are approaching the frontier. Their Soviet consciences are not very tranquil. A frontier like all frontiers; a frozen river; beyond, a long passage, like a firebreak cut through a forest; boundary posts, the one closest to the railway painted red, with the initials R. S. F. S. R.; a frozen wreath and a flag with the sickle and hammer.

A stalwart Red guardist with a pistol at his belt springs on the train the moment it slows down. My bourgeois traveling companions gather around him. He is like a stone in a cluster of crickets, a big blond fellow wearing a helmet with the Soviet star. The nepmen grovel servilely before him. He answers only in monosyllables. Cigarettes are passed around. The backs of the masters of Western Europe bend double on the threshold of the East.

Passports. We stop. A sentinel stands in front of our window — brown uniform, a black cap, felt boots, and a long, sharp-pointed bayonet.

One of the young women in our compartment simply must tell me where she comes from. She opens her traveling-bag and covers the bench with photographs. She is from America and speaks a kind of nasal Anglo-Russian. She repeats English words for amusement, imitates the calls of the train-announcers in America, of bootblacks, and East Side taxi-drivers. She has evidently left her heart in the 'Middle West.' She displays her steamer souvenirs from the George Washington: little American flags; a ship's diary with entries by several gentlemen; 'My sweetheart,' a horrible-looking American in spectacles and a doctor's gown and hood; a postal card with the picture of a synagogue in Chicago; steamer menus; a photograph of her elder sister in bathing costume.

'You are on the way to Russia — to Moscow?' she asks me.

'Yes,' I answer. Then she rattles on: —

'My father is a merchant.'

'Ah!'

'But we're having a bad time there.'

'You don't say! In spite of the new economic policy?'

'Yes — there's the Government, you know.'

We are detained at Sebej for two hours. The car that came from Latvia is ransacked from top to bottom. Proletarian Russia is suspicious, and with good reason. Comrade specialists have felt the cushions, have tapped the heating pipes, have shaken the portières, have examined the carpet, and have peered into every nook and cranny. In the waiting-room I saw a sawed-off gun — a typical robber's weapon — taken from the baggage of a traveler. My first impression is of well-fed, warmly dressed people. I have changed my money into bright, crisp chervonets

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bills, on a par with gold. I am rattling shining silver coins in my pocket. A ruble is worth ten francs.

There is a restaurant in the railway station and a dining-car attached to the train. A man can buy an excellent dinner for two rubles. In Germany and the Baltic countries the price was fully one half higher. The railway employees eat at the Coöperative for twenty-five kopecks, or twelve and one-half cents. On the street from the station to the village are open booths where one can purchase black and white bread, cheese, sugar, tea, candy, and the like — and people are buying freely. The railway employees wear new caps and good shoes. I talk with one of them who understands German. They earn, according to their grade, from forty to one hundred and fifty rubles. A man exhibits a tame bear at the station. People throw the animal pieces of bread.

We leave promptly to the minute. A gong strikes, a whistle blows, and we are off. At the railway station, steady processions of travelers lugging immense bundles, walking about with teapots, and wearing sheepskin coats. They plough through the snow in their felt boots. Many wear new clothing.

Maevo. A ray of sun pierces a little hole in the clouds and strikes precisely on the station building. A merry, laughing crowd of young girls and boys, their faces fresh and rosy from the frosty air, are waiting to see the train come in. We try to converse with them by gestures and laughter. I take out my camera. Some drivers turn their horses toward me, shouting wildly. But when they learn that I am a Frenchman and a Communist delegate, a young man unpins from his coat a copper button with a picture of Lenin as a child and hands it to me. Next to the station the peasants have set up their little daily market, as they do whenever the Moscow train arrives. People haggle over the price of eggs, milk, and meat. I buy a fat dressed fowl for eighty kopecks — or forty cents.

A gong rings, the locomotive whistles, and we depart. Birches, pines, log cabins, sledges. I recognize in the snow lying under the trees the footprints of rabbits and the trail of foxes.

The silhouette of some industrial town looms in the distance. I see factories with smoking chimneys. We pass a little house buried in the white snow amid the birches, then another, then another, then a whole village of villas — yesterday the property of the bourgeoisie, to-day vacation homes for workingmen.

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A WILDERNESS DUEL[1]

BY JULIO ARAMBURU

THAT bright, sunny morning I was on my way in company with Placido Arjona to the post of El Olvido in the department of Santa Barbara, in the province of Jujuy. At that time it took six days on horseback to reach that station. Although we had spared our mounts as much as possible, they had begun to show indications of great fatigue.

Not a sign of civilized settlement, not even a native hut, had relieved the solitude of the long, lonely trail. We were in country where a man must be constantly on the alert. Every pass and ford had its legend of robbery or murder, of someone suddenly dispatched to the unfenced *Campo Santo* of the wilderness. None the less, we passed the hours pleasantly enough, telling stories, shooting game for our daily larder, and singing rustic songs.

On the last day of the trip we were surprised by an unexpected incident. The morning had dawned with the promise of unusual heat. Dust from the burning trail nearly suffocated horse and rider, the foliage hung limp and withered from the neighboring trees, and we were tormented by constant thirst. Not a breeze stirred, not a sound broke the deep silence of the solitude around us. We plodded on through the fine powdery dust as noiselessly as disembodied spirits, intent upon our nearing destination and anticipating its welcome repose.

As we thus jogged on, each deep in his own thoughts, a thunder of hoofbeats suddenly shook the hillside. Our startled horses reared and tried to bolt. Not far ahead of us a stampeding herd of cattle charged across the trail — steers, cows, heifers, and calves, plunging toward the river pell-mell in wild confusion. What was the reason? What had startled them? Had we stumbled upon a gang of murderous cattle-rustlers at their work?

We paused in expectant alarm, watching the panic-stricken animals vanish in the dusty distance. Just then we heard the penetrating lowing of a steer. Its melodious intonation instantly told us that something was wrong with the animal, which was bellowing an indignant, challenging defiance. The sound was not the hoarse appeal of a beast seeking water, nor a nasal mooing expressing surprise or physical satisfaction. It was a cry of combat or distress. Had the animal simply strayed? Was it calling to its companions? Had it fallen and broken a limb? All these questions flashed into our minds, while our horses, with dilated nostrils, exhibited symptoms of mortal terror.

A moment later the lowing subsided to a deep, sullen rumbling. Short intervals of silence followed. Apparently the animal was traveling. Finally came another defiant bellow. My companion, Arjona, who was an old ranchman and knew the country, immediately conjectured the cause. A puma had cut out an animal from the herd. No doubt about it. He was stalking the steer, and in a moment a fight to the death would begin.

I confess to a momentary sinking of

[1] From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires Liberal daily), *May* 3

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the heart. Would it not be better to clear out of the dangerous neighborhood as quickly as possible and avoid unnecessary risks? But Arjona only laughed. We could take care of ourselves, and the fight would be worth seeing.

Quickly dismounting, we tied our horses securely, and started on foot toward the source of the sound, taking our rifle with us. It was necessary to cut a path through the briars and brambles with our machetes in order to push directly to our objective. We had gone hardly more than a couple of hundred yards when we realized that we were getting close to the coming scene of combat. We heard the steer bellowing more angrily than ever, and stamping the ground with his hoofs. Arjona stopped, and selecting a tall, slender, white-trunked tree, started to shin up it. I followed at his heels. On reaching its crown we straddled a large branch and began to survey our surroundings.

A magnificent view now opened before our eyes. Range after range of wooded foothills bathed in sunshine stretched backward from the river our trail had followed. The angry steer was visible in a small, level, clear spot not far from our observation post, and a few yards away we could see the puma motionless and alert, half hidden behind a low shrub. The steer had evidently worked himself into a fury. He no longer bellowed but breathed with asthmatic violence, pawed the ground with his hoofs, nipped the surrounding foliage, and tossed the earth over his shaggy head. His hide was black, paling here and there to brilliant chocolate where the sun's rays were reflected from his glossy sides — a native animal, full grown, powerfully built, aggressive, with long, straight horns and a tail ending in a dusky white tuft.

The puma was of medium size, but seemed extraordinarily long as he slunk almost flat against the earth with his savage head slightly raised to scan his prey. His pelt of ruddy yellow was striped almost imperceptibly at places by darker bands. Evidently he had strayed into the lower country from the northern sierras and had scented the herd. His snarling mouth, bordered by white, cruel fangs was magnified by his stiff whiskers, and his flat nose sparkled in the sun. His yellow eyes shone with a rapacious glare, his ears were laid back against his head, and he mechanically sheathed and unsheathed his formidable claws in quick succession.

The steer buried his nostrils in the ground and seemed to be reflecting. The puma stealthily rose. The steer quickly moved his head and half turned, but quietly, and seemed to have closed his eyes. We watched in tense silence. My heart thumped painfully. Just then the puma gave a springy leap, whereupon the steer quickly whirled and presented his horns to his enemy. The puma missed his aim, but his long claws cut an ugly gash in one side of the steer's neck.

That was the signal for a fierce struggle. The angry bull stood his ground, twisting and turning and panting heavily. The puma sprang hither and thither about his prey with the speed of lightning, jumping from one side to the other in an effort to spring upon his back. But the steer turned and twisted with equal agility. Only once did the savage cat succeed in grazing his intended victim with his teeth and tearing a long gash in his flank. Blood gushed forth and stained the animal's side with a carmine brilliance, while he roared savagely with pain. Several other quick springs enabled the puma to flesh the steer with claws or teeth at several points, but he could not make his mortal leap upon the back of his victim, fell him, and sink his fangs into his throat. By this time the huge cat's

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whiskers were stained with blood, and pinkish foam dripped from his mouth. He lashed his sides constantly with his tail, while the unhappy steer's body became a fantastic pattern of red and black.

The scene became so painful that I urged my companion to shoot, but Arjona was too interested in the outcome to do that. Besides, his experienced eye foresaw the end.

The bull gave a low rumbling roar, breathed heavily against the ground, and buried his heated nostrils in the moist mud made by the foam dripping from his mouth. But almost instantly he charged his alert enemy, driving him back. His sharp, clean hoofs had cut up the ground in a circle all around him.

The puma attacked again with a new access of fury, springing quickly to one side and the other and attempting to get behind his victim. The steer tossed his head, restless, perspiring, bleeding. Suddenly, almost quicker than the eye could follow him, the puma leaped upon a fallen tree-trunk and made a tremendous spring, intending to land on the neck of his prey. We both gasped with excitement. The climax of the tragedy was at hand. A miracle! For an instant we could hardly believe our eyes. Swiftly as the puma sprang the steer recoiled, lunged forward, and buried his long, slender horns in the whitish belly of his assailant. The puma, screaming with wrath and pain, fell backward writhing on the ground, where the maddened steer trampled him with his hoofs and gored him again and again. Only in his death agony did the puma's claws actually reach his enemy, and tear a gory fragment from his dewlap.

An awesome moment of utter silence followed. The puma lay limp and motionless, claws thrust out and mouth half open, his ripped and disemboweled body a repulsive picture of gory mutilation. The steer contemplated his dead enemy with a look of savage exultation, sniffed the body, and, satisfied that life was gone, turned in the direction of the river. We watched him make his way slowly thither with a sort of solemn dignity, as if uplifted with pride at his feat and glorying in the imperial purple of his wounds. At length he reached the stream, waded out into it, and lay down, gulping the water in slow, resounding swallows.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF KASPAR HAUSER [1]

BY DR. EDUARD BEREND

THE mysterious Kaspar Hauser still finds no rest — not even beneath his gravestone in the cemetery at Ansbach, with his inscription, *Ænigma sui temporis*. A few months ago, after a long period of quiet, he caught the public eye again, and now he is being discussed once more in the German journalistic world. The incident that provoked this fresh discussion is the news that at length his long-sought prison has been discovered. In the Castle of Pilsach near Neumarkt in the Upper Palatinate — to-day the property of Johannes Höffner, formerly editor of *Daheim*, and of his wife, the novelist, Klara Hofer — a secret dungeon has been found which, according to the owner, must be the identical room in which Kaspar languished the greater part of his life. If this should prove true, we should indeed have advanced a long way toward the solution of the problem, but unfortunately the identification is by no means certain — is, as a matter of fact, extremely improbable, as I have elsewhere pointed out; and therefore, unless all indications fail, this further discovery will simply amount to adding one more theory, no better founded than the rest, to all the other hypotheses about the foundling's origin. As Kaspar Hauser's case has stirred so many heads and hearts and set so many pens to wagging, the following pages shall be devoted to a purely objective reproduction of his story and the various explanations so far offered, in order that every reader may be able to form his own opinion for himself. Only at the close of the article will I venture to suggest my own view.

On Whitmonday, May 26 of the year 1828, an extraordinary figure appeared on the Unschlittplatz in Nuremberg. In outward appearance he was a farmer's boy some sixteen or eighteen years old, but he was without the capacity of speech or any way of making himself understood. He carried a note addressed 'To the Captain of the Fourth Squadron of the Sixth Schwolisch Regiment.' The author of this anonymous letter, which had been dated 'from the Bavarian frontier,' stated in clumsy phraseology and bad spelling, but in a fairly clear hand, that he was a poor day laborer with ten children; that the bearer of this letter had been 'deposited' with him as a baby on October 7, 1812; that he had given him a Christian bringing-up, teaching him to read and write, but had never let him go a step out of the house; and that he had only recently brought him to Nuremberg by night — to keep the boy from telling people where he had grown up. A scrap of paper was enclosed which purported to have been found with the child, and in which his mother, a poor girl, declared that the boy was named Kaspar and had been born on April 30, 1812, and requested that he should be taken care of until his seventeenth year, after which he should be sent to Nuremberg so that he could become a soldier in the

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Schwolisch Regiment as his father had been before him.

The lad was given a hearing by the police, but there was nothing to be got out of him. He simply kept repeating a couple of sentences which he had apparently learned by heart: 'I want to be a cavalryman. I want to be like my father.' His dialect and the Catholic Prayer Book he carried suggested the vicinity of Regensburg. He could write his name legibly: 'Kaspar Hauser.'

He was temporarily interned in the Vestner Tower, where he amused himself with toys like a child, accepting only water and black bread and refusing every other kind of food. In the course of the next few days and weeks it became possible to understand him, and he then gave the following account of himself: For as long as he could remember, he had been living on the floor in a dark, narrow room, dressing only in a shirt and trousers, playing with toy horses made of wood. A weak light came into the room through two little windows with wooden bars, but he could hear no sound from the world outside. Every morning when he awoke he found black bread and a pitcher of water standing beside his bed of straw. He never saw or heard a living being. Shortly before he was released, — about eight days previously, according to his own subsequent calculation, — a man appeared in his prison, two or three times at most. At his first visit the man, without saying a word, laid down a sheet of paper, put a pencil in Kaspar's hand, and by guiding his fingers showed him how to write his name. On his second visit the man repeated a couple of words and sentences so often that Kaspar at length tried to imitate him. On the third visit he led the boy out into freedom, dressed him in clothes and boots, forced the lad to accompany him on a journey, and within about twenty-four hours released him in the neighborhood of Nuremberg, where he gave him the letter and sent him into the city with a promise to visit him there before long.

Such a shuddersome tale at first aroused grave doubts, but these were soon set at rest by Hauser's innocent and charmingly childlike nature. He was also found to possess a number of mental and physical peculiarities which served to confirm his story. His eyes, for example, were extraordinarily sensitive to light, but could see very well in semidarkness. The skin on his hands and feet was white, soft, and uncalloused, and blisters formed if he walked very much. His knees were somewhat deformed, so that when he sat down with his legs stretched out on the ground the hollows underneath were quite flat. Scars on one arm showed that he had been vaccinated in the ordinary way. The conclusion was that he had spent the earliest part of his life, before he could remember, in a state of freedom — a view which there were other grounds for accepting. He had been by no means uncared for physically, but as he himself knew nothing about it, people were forced to conclude that from time to time an opiate had been mixed in his drinking water, and that in his sleep his hair and nails had been trimmed and fresh linen put on him.

This strange case, publicly described by the burgomaster in an elaborate report with touching and pathetic details, quite unlike the ordinary dry official style, roused the greatest sympathy and excitement all over Germany and even Europe. His contemporaries took a special interest in the foundling, for two reasons. From the psychological standpoint he was a curiosity of the first rank. Here was an adult body with the soul of a child, a human being who had grown up with-

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out any human companionship. The question that had been furiously debated by writers and philosophers from the time of Plato, namely, what impression nature would make on a human being who achieved consciousness for the first time after reaching maturity, seemed at length to have received an answer; and at the same time there seemed to be a decided proof for Rousseau's assertion of the original goodness of the human creature if left quite to himself.

Stronger than this scientific interest, however, was the criminal interest. The conviction was general that this must be a personage of high descent who through his terrible imprisonment had been deprived of his birthright, and this opinion speedily received unexpected confirmation. On October 17, 1829, Hauser, who had meantime been confided to the care of Professor Daumer, was missing, and he was eventually found in the cellar with a bloody wound on his forehead. According to his own story he had been attacked by a masked man and only the narrowness of the surroundings had kept the assassin's attempt from success. The wound soon healed, and Hauser was thereafter kept under police supervision. A large reward was offered for the criminal's arrest, but all investigation was in vain.

Hauser's subsequent fate can be only hastily outlined here. A rich Englishman, Lord Stanhope, took the foundling as an adopted son. The famous criminologist, von Feuerbach, grandfather of the painter, produced an elaborately written brochure on Hauser and took him with him to Ansbach, where he was employed as clerk of court. On December 14, 1833, Kaspar rushed breathlessly into the house with a deep stab-wound in his breast, which he declared an unknown man had inflicted on him in the Hofgarten. At the indicated spot a leather pouch was found, containing a mysterious scrap of paper covered with mirror writing. Hauser died of his wound four days later, and once again no trace was found of the criminal, in spite of a reward that was, for those days, enormous.

It is not hard to imagine what a stir the violent taking off of this 'child of Europe' aroused and how the rumors of his exalted descent sprang up anew. While he was still alive, the secret histories of all the princely and higher noble houses had been carefully investigated. Many theories were publicly or secretly offered, which all turned out sooner or later to be without foundation. One theory alone has, in spite of all contradictions, been maintained to the present day: namely, the theory that Hauser was the heir to the throne of Baden who had been officially given out for dead. This theory can appeal for confirmation to no less a person than Feuerbach himself, who in his secret memoir to Queen Caroline of Bavaria characterized it as something which could not be legally proved but which did possess 'strong human credibility, though not complete moral certainty.'

On what is this conjecture based?

The Grand Duke Ludwig had been ruling in Baden since 1818. He was the third son by the first marriage of the Margrave Karl Friedrich, later the Grand Duke, famous for his friendship with Klopstock, who had died after a reign of sixty-five years. When Ludwig died unmarried in 1830, he was followed by Leopold, the oldest son of Karl Friedrich by his second and morganatic marriage with Baroness Luise Geyer von Geyersburg, who had subsequently been made Countess of Hochberg and whose sons' rights of succession to the throne had eventually been recognized. That Ludwig, and

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after him Leopold, secured the throne was due to five somewhat unusual deaths. Karl Friedrich's oldest son had been killed in Sweden in 1801, while his father was still alive, by a fall from his carriage. Karl Friedrich was succeeded in 1811 by his grandson, Karl, who died in 1818, at the age of thirty-two, after reigning for seven years, without male issue. By his marriage with Stephanie de Beauharnais, Napoleon's adopted daughter, he had three daughters and two sons. The daughters grew up, but both sons died in early childhood. A few days after the second death, Karl Friedrich's second son by his first marriage died childless at the age of sixty-one — the last who stood between Ludwig and the throne.

It is not surprising that all these successive deaths, most of them preceded by no long illness, gave rise to general suspicion. When Kaspar Hauser suddenly appeared, all these vague rumors acquired a kind of basis. According to the letter that the boy brought with him, he had been left with the laborer in October 1812, the very month in which the oldest son of the Grand Duke Karl had died. The two birth-dates did not completely coincide, but Kaspar's alleged birthday, April 30, differed by a single day only from that of the second prince — May 1. Feuerbach conjectured that Kaspar was this second son, in whose place another substituted child had been allowed to die.

Why this substitution? Why so difficult, expensive, and dangerous an expedient as his captivity, instead of the far simpler and safer method of assassination? Feuerbach answered this obvious question with an idea drawn from ancient legend. Perhaps the murderer, very likely the child's physician, feeling conscientious scruples, had carried out his orders in appearance only. Subsequent champions of the Feuerbach theory, however, had a subtler way of meeting this objection. So far as Ludwig himself was concerned, the way to the throne was opened by the death of the prince, but if Ludwig should himself marry and have sons, the Hochberg family would be cheated of the throne. In view of Ludwig's character, a mere promise not to marry was scarcely to be relied on. Some more effective means of pressure was essential, and what could have been more effective than a threat to recall from his ostensible grave the legitimate heir to the throne?

In this remarkable series of deaths, however, the question *cui bono* can be answered in yet another way. At the Congress of Vienna, while the Grand Duke Karl was still alive, a secret agreement was reached between Bavaria and Austria that in case the male line of the Zähringens, the Grand-Ducal family of Baden, should die out they would divide the lands between themselves. King Ludwig of Bavaria [to be distinguished from the Grand Duke Ludwig of Baden. — EDITOR], who at that time was still Crown Prince, was especially eager to secure the northern part of Baden in order to link up the Palatinate on the left bank of the Rhine with Bavaria on the right. His plan, however, was brought to nothing when Karl, shortly before his death, recognized the succession rights of the Hochberg line.

Now the fact that Hauser appeared in Bavaria and also that he was supposed to have been imprisoned there, combined with the fact that the castle in which only lately his prison is thought to have been discovered was once a part of the Bavarian Crown lands, explains the fact that King Ludwig of Bavaria always took a great deal of interest in the Hauser affair and always defended the view that Kaspar sprang from the Zähringen Grand-Ducal family. There is, therefore, room for suspicion, but here again rises the

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question: Why not simply get rid of the boy instead of giving him a secret bringing-up? According to Frau Klara Hofer's idea, Hauser was intended to serve as a valuable means of pressure upon the Hochberg family, who had been induced to yield Bavaria the desired territory by a threat to produce the true heir to the throne of Baden.

In the sharpest contradiction with these and similar hypotheses, all of which assume that Hauser must have been a person of great political importance, there is quite another theory, which represents him as an alien swindler and which regards as fraudulent the whole story of his incarceration and the two attempts at murder.

This idea was publicly suggested, soon after Hauser's appearance, by Polizeirat Merker in Berlin, and after preliminary objections it was accepted by several persons who knew Hauser intimately from daily association. Among these were Police Lieutenant Hickel, Meyer, the teacher in Ansbach, and even Hauser's protector, Lord Stanhope; and this theory was defended in the pamphlet which appeared in 1872, *Authentic Information about Kaspar Hauser*, which printed all the official documents on the case.

The supporters of this opinion take their stand, first, on the extreme internal and external improbability of the prison story; second, on the accounts of the first people who came in touch with Hauser in Nuremburg and who observed that he displayed then greater physical and mental capacity than he later exhibited; third, on the immediate circumstances of the two attempts on his life, which were not free from the suspicion that he had wounded himself; and finally, on Kaspar's own character, for according to many observers he was by no means so innocent a creature as he at first appeared, but was given to falsehood and deceit. The opponents of this idea, however, appeal to the boy's physical peculiarities already mentioned, to the improbability of continued deception for so long a time, and to the serious nature of the allegedly self-inflicted injuries. They attribute the doubtful side of his character to the unfavorable influence of his surroundings — and also to the fact that he became accustomed to a meat diet!

For a thoroughgoing criticism of all these efforts at explanation sufficient space is lacking here, and I must content myself with a very few observations. So far as the theory of the boy's origin from the ruling House of Baden is concerned, it lacks the confirmation of a single authentic document. Everything that has been adduced to prove this view, as for example the excerpt from Major Hennenhofer's memoirs, the protocol relative to the session of the State Council of Baden, and a compromising Cabinet order by the Grand Duke Ludwig, has been proved not to be genuine; but it is equally true that there is no definite evidence against the hypothesis. The Government of Baden did what it could when in 1875 it published the original sources relative to the private baptism, the post-mortem examination, and the funeral of the child who died on October 16, 1812. Those who held the prince theory replied that no one ever doubted that a child did die and was buried at that time. All they doubted was that this child actually was the Crown Prince, a fact which is not specifically stated in the documents.

In view of this lack of conclusive documentation either pro or contra — it has scarcely been helped by the recent opening of the archives of which so much was expected — no one can hope to find out whether the situation as a whole or the characters of the persons involved lend any shadow of probability to so fearful a crime. It must be

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pointed out that to dispose of the Crown Prince born in 1812 offered no guaranty that the Zähringen line would be wiped out, since at that time both Karl and his two uncles might still have sons. Moreover, the explanation already suggested for the riddle — that is, for the puzzling fact that the alleged 'prince' was not killed but simply imprisoned — is extremely hard to believe, since an eventual resuscitation of the prince who had been thought dead would have defeated the criminals' own object. There is, moreover, no plausible reason why he should have been set free in May 1828 in such a remarkable way and then killed so soon afterward, as the assassination could have been accomplished much more easily before his release. As for the personages involved, it may be said with perfect certainty of the Bavarian Ludwig at least that for a man of his character — highly wrought but transparent and humane — a crime of this sort, no matter how much people might try to palliate it, was unthinkable under any circumstances. The same statement cannot be made quite so unconditionally about Ludwig of Baden. Among his subjects and his relatives he enjoyed very little sympathy. He was reserved, distrustful, sensual — 'thoroughly baked in the flesh,' as Goethe said after seeing him at Karlsruhe in 1779.

Although I am convinced that the theory that Hauser was a prince of the House of Baden cannot be maintained, nevertheless it is not proved that he was a swindler. I myself was at first unwilling to accept this idea, which seemed to me far too rationalistic and to savor of police psychology; but after a careful examination of the arguments on both sides, I have eventually become a convert.

I should not, however, regard Hauser as an ordinary swindler, but rather as a pathological subject, an hysteric suffering with the so-called *pseudologia phantastica*, who himself believed in his own fantastic story. Cases are known both in ancient and in modern times which present the most striking similarity to the Hauser affair. Unheard-of violence, subterranean imprisonment, secret descent from princely houses, anonymous letters, attempted murder — all these things are oft-recurrent motives in the stories told by such hysterics. It is also known that individuals thus afflicted, in order to create interest in themselves and to gain credence, do not hesitate to arrange elaborate dissimulations or even to injure themselves; and they play their parts with such cleverness and consequence that old and experienced physicians are not infrequently deceived.

It must be admitted, however, as still more remarkable, that in spite of the immense interest Hauser created, no one ever appeared with a claim to have known him before. Explanations can be found for this fact, however. Perhaps his relatives were glad to get rid of him, or did not want to face the police; or perhaps they soon died. There are several circumstances which even suggest that he may have belonged to a wandering circus-troupe — his keen desire to be a horseman points in this direction. The condition of his hands and feet and the letter he brought with him, in my opinion, make it clear that he was not an ordinary farmer's boy, although the letter might have been his own.

Who and what he was will probably never be definitely determined, and thus far the riddle remains completely unsolved; but there is no proof at all for the notion that he was by right a person of importance and the victim of a terrible crime.

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NEW-RICH AND NEW-POOR ON THE RIVIERA[1]

BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS

NEVER since the days when Lord Brougham and his friends, fleeing before the cholera epidemic, discovered the charm of Cannes and initiated the Riviera vogue, has the Côte d'Azur enjoyed a more prosperous season than the present one.

The compensating factor, which plays such an important rôle in international finance, has come to the assistance of poor war-racked France. The war, with its shifting of values and regrading of social rank, profoundly altered the social character of those wealthy classes who, each winter, change the freezing skies of their homes for the glowing heavens of the South of France.

Before the war, visitors to the Riviera belonged to a restricted class. There were first of all the royalties, shaded down in all their different ranks from Russian Imperial Highnesses to rich but unimportant, mediatized German nobles, whose magnificent villas rising above the palms and orange trees dotted the coast from Cannes to Menton. To these one must add a cosmopolitan collection of the aristocratic and idle rich, and a handful of millionaires, British, American, Latin-American, Russian, and Greek, with a few exotics like an Indian rajah or two, an Egyptian cotton prince, or an Armenian banker thrown in.

To rented villas or to the hotels came well-to-do foreigners — among whom the British considerably outnumbered all other nationalities — who could afford the luxury of a yearly winter holiday in the South, and a great horde of international gamblers attracted by the casinos, with a trail of adventurers, male and female, at their heels. Finally there was the legion of small punters, with headquarters at Monte Carlo, who, on a system of small 'stakes and careful play, sought to cover their winter expenses at the roulette tables, with a bit over if they were in luck.

The war, which sent thrones toppling and redistributed the world's wealth, and its aftermath, the growth of Socialism, which is shifting more and more the burden of taxation to the shoulders of the upper and middle classes, have profoundly altered the outward aspect of the Riviera, as revealed by the character of the visitors. German princes and Austrian archdukes have vanished, and with them the German nobles, who were never liked, and the Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats, good fellows and good sportsmen, whose absence has left a gap.

It is self-evident that a British landowner who has to shut up or sell his country place to pay his income-tax cannot afford a villa in the South of France. An English 'milor' has to be very wealthy indeed to keep up the state that, in happier days, was, so to speak, expected of the British on the Riviera.

But most of all has the collapse of Russia left its mark upon the Côte d'Azur. After the British the Russians used to be most in evidence in the South of France. Cannes, in particu-

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lar, — where, as at Nice, they built themselves a splendid church, — was a favorite resort of theirs. They were large-handed gamblers, they entertained lavishly, they owned palatial villas, handsome cars, and fine horses.

All this the Bolshevist Revolution swept away. There are many Russians on the Riviera still. But the bulk of them live a life apart, and one has the feeling that, if they are there, it is because they have crept back to warm their hearts at the flame of pleasant memories. They keep restaurants and little shops for the sale of peasant work and the jewelry, furs, and household possessions of their impoverished compatriots; they lodge in cheap pensions, supporting themselves by all manner of small employments or maintained by the charity of their fellow countrymen and their foreign friends.

There are still grand dukes on the Riviera. One sees them, wistful and rather self-conscious, in the restaurants and gaming-rooms, acknowledging the bows and curtsies of the narrowing circle of their old acquaintances amid a sea of unfamiliar faces. For to-day the new-rich have taken possession of the Riviera. The new-poor stand aside and watch the tide sweep by.

It is in the gaming-rooms of Monte Carlo or Cannes that one realizes how overwhelmingly the war has changed the face of Society. The redistribution of wealth has broken down almost every class barrier and perpetuated a promiscuity of social intercourse that is as bewildering as it is diverting.

The Riviera has always been the lodestone for the newly rich, whether, like Jubilee Juggins and his kind, they want to try their luck at the tables, or merely to spend their money amid a fashionable crowd in a beautiful environment. What more natural then, as soon as peace had returned to the earth, than for the multitudes who had made fortunes out of the war to flock to the South of France?

And these, as anybody who has stayed on the Riviera since the Armistice realizes, are not only the vulgar and uneducated type of war contractors, those unscrupulous and unpatriotic *embusqués* whom all nations execrate under the generic name of 'profiteers,' but staid provincials, small-town men from almost every country in Europe, whom the accident of their business, some happy chance in the drift of their affairs, enriched during the world's agony.

Upon the Riviera, then, once the select playground of Fortune's favored few, this horde has descended. Some of them have titles, some of them have manners, some of them have taste; but all of them have money. They monopolize the royal suites in the finest hotels, they appropriate the favorite places in the great restaurants, they establish by lavish play their right to seats at the 'maximum' gaming-tables.

The new-rich are to-day undisputed monarchs of the Riviera. They have made wealth the acid social test. The French will not gainsay them. Have they not a proverb, '*L'argent est toujours bon*'? These clever hôteliers, these shrewd maîtres d'hôtel, may deplore, as I believe they sincerely do, the passing of the old order, but — *il faut vivre, M'sieu!* It is no longer a question of lineage against lineage, of brains against brains, of achievement against achievement. It is money against money, dollars and pounds, pesetas and florins, warring against one another; a mad, furious carnival of spending; a breathless, neck-to-neck race of the Devil as to who shall play the highest, who shall have the largest limousine, whose wife or mistress shall wear the most splendid jewels, the most expensive Paris frocks and furs.

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'When money is being flung about,' a shrewd observer said to me one night in the gaming-rooms at Cannes, 'a lot of it sticks to the backs of the women!' The present exiguousness of women's frocks makes me think that my friend was speaking allegorically, but, however that may be, I doubt whether, since the Directoire days in Paris, Europe has ever witnessed such a display of costly dresses as have been seen this season on the Riviera.

With the present mode for cloth of gold and cloth of silver tissues, lavishly embroidered, for feathers, for jeweled clasps, for gold and silver shoes, the cost of an evening gown with its etceteras can easily run into three figures in pounds sterling.

It is not for nothing that each year more of the jewelers, dressmakers, milliners, and furriers of the Rue de la Paix establish winter branches at the Riviera resorts. The turnover at some of these small and dainty shops, many of them mere improvisations of timber and canvas, is staggering. The season is short and the money flows. Mrs. Newly Rich must be able, on the whim of an instant, to eclipse the pearls, the frock, or the fur of a rival.

One sunny afternoon at Cannes last winter I saw a man turn off the Boulevard de la Croisette, where he was strolling with his wife, into a jeweler's where he paid £1200 for a diamond bangle that she had admired in the window. He bought and paid for it over the counter in a minute, as you or I might buy a pair of gloves.

Even when the fall of the franc is taken into consideration I believe that the turnover at the gaming-tables last season eclipsed all records. Gambling is second nature to the new-rich. They have made their pile, for the most part, by a lucky gamble on safety razors or iodine or oil cake or fuses in the war, and there is a pleasant flavor of business, dispelling any slight holiday boredom, about the gaming-rooms. This feeling may account for the growing popularity of chemin de fer, where it is man against man and not man against a machine like the roulette.

There is indeed an atmosphere of the office about these Riviera gamblers of to-day. As they sit at the tables chewing on their fat cigars, with their great pearls gleaming dully in their bulging shirt-fronts, there is a dour tenseness of expression on their faces which reminds me of a man reading a Stock Exchange tape or a bookie watching the favorite romping home. Their features are wooden. Win or lose, they are impassive. They relax only to growl out some heavy chaff at the expense of the player who has gone down.

It is like a breath of fresh air when some irresponsible young punter lounges up, cheerily goes banco, wins, picks up his winnings, and slips away. I saw a British peer do this at the 20,000-louis chemin de fer table at Cannes one night. He collected £400, and the grave and dyspeptic-looking individual who was holding the bank glared at him as though he had laughed in church.

Characteristic of this countinghouse spirit are the gambling syndicates which are now operating on the Riviera. One of the richest and most powerful is the so-called Greek syndicate which specializes in baccarat. Monte Carlo and Cannes are its bases in the winter, and in the summer it transfers its activities to Deauville. Fabulous stories are always in circulation about the wins and losses of these syndicated punters; but, probably wisely, both they and the casinos keep their own counsel as to the success of their transactions.

The enormous turnover of the gaming-tables is probably due less to the high play of the few than to the enormous increase in the number of players.

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The fall of the franc has enabled thousands of people of means which hitherto put the possibility of a Riviera holiday beyond their reach to come to the South of France. The bulk of these, of course, are mere tourists who risk a few hundred-franc notes for the fun of the thing. But many of them find the principal spice of their holiday in regular play for small stakes.

And this brings me to the new British colony on the Riviera, not the idle rich, not the wealthy villa-owners we knew before the war, but the new-poor, that large class of Britons whom the increased cost of living has driven abroad to profit by the rate of exchange. Retired civil servants, military and naval officers, people with annuities, form this growing company of loyal and active subjects of the King, whose only reason for voluntary exile is their inability in modern conditions to make one Bradbury do the work of two.

Thanks to the cheap franc, they find that in France their limited income has a far higher value than it possesses in England. The rate of exchange does not greatly benefit anybody who lives the sort of life arranged for the benefit of the rich on the Riviera. But hotels, good food and drinkable wine, and lawn-tennis cost much less than they would at home.

And so the English accent, which always predominated among the foreign colonies of the Côte d'Azur, is still widely heard on the Promenade des Anglais and the Boulevard de la Croisette. Our new-poor bear their exile gladly. They live in a glorious climate among beautiful surroundings, and many of them find they have enough over from their monthly checks to risk an occasional flutter at the casinos. Especially when the pound sterling is behaving nicely.

The rate of exchange is a great factor in their lives. When Englishmen meet at home they talk about the weather. On the Riviera to-day the first question is: 'What is the pound this morning?' Each has his pet theory as to the basic causes of the continual fluctuations of the franc; each employs his particular system for changing money. This one believes that one should never change pounds at the beginning or the end of the week; this one pins his faith to the last day of the month, when he will buy sufficient francs to carry him over until the next month.

Great Britain's new-poor are a great asset to the Riviera. They are undoubtedly popular with the French, for, if they do not spend a great deal, they pay as they go, and their good breeding, their decorous behavior, and their little air of aloofness contrast most favorably with the noisy ostentatiousness of the new-rich.

The dislocation of values, which has flooded the South of France with a deluge of moneyed nobodies and a torrent of tourists of restricted means, has played havoc with the outward distinction of the Riviera. In the first place, the survivors of the old order have compounded with the new. Class barriers have been brushed aside in a measure which would stagger anybody with Victorian or even Edwardian ideas. Crowned heads hobnobbing with shady individuals, a lady of royal blood perched at an American bar alongside a Parisian demimondaine and her court of admirers, a duchess sharing a bank with a Levantine moneylender — these are incidents out of many that linger in my memory in evidence of the extraordinary social chaos of the Riviera of to-day.

Weird and wonderful clothes are to be seen in the gaming-rooms. Dress coats of ancient and singular cut, bizarre notions in evening waistcoats, frocks of the fashion of the year before the war, beefy hands, thick ankles, cockney

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quiffs, Nellie Wallace coiffures — these and other manifestations remind one that democracy has come into its own in the world.

At the Casino of Monte Carlo they still maintain their embargo on plus fours, and those gentlemen whose curious mental slant impels them to don golfing attire for purposes of Continental travel should remember to pack a pair of trousers if they mean to head for Monaco. But the rooms, never a very brilliant spectacle as far as clothes went, present an utterly undistinguished appearance to-day.

The swarm of cheap trippers, I have heard, has led to a notable increase in the number of those light-fingered gentry against whom the Casino authorities wage such vigorous and successful warfare. It seemed to me, when I used to visit the rooms last season, that the staff of burly and watchful gentlemen, posted behind the croupiers' chairs to see that idle hands do not get into mischief, had been considerably reënforced.

In moments of expansion, maîtres d'hôtel and croupiers will deplore the old days. The new-rich, they will tell you, do not know how to spend their money. They will submit humbly to the most intolerable exaction and cry out over a mere franc of *petit bénéfice*. They do not know the things that are done. They eat without discrimination (this from the maître d'hôtel); they order wine by its price on the card; they forget the little *pourboire* for the *sommelier* who serves the wine, the louis or so of *douceur* for the maître d'hôtel at the end of the season. Never were players so stingy (this from the croupier); never was, in the aggregate, so little handed back, in thanksgiving after a lucky coup, to be dropped into the croupiers' box. Yet never was so much money changed at the desks; never were such stacks of *mille* notes seen on the tables; never have such gorgeously bedizened and bejeweled women thronged the rooms.

But — the Riviera is booming. It is the golden age for the great temples of pleasure and their hosts of attendant priests and acolytes. Last season the receipts from the *taxe de séjour*, the visitors' daily poll-tax, beat all previous records. In post-war Europe, so very wealthy and yet so greatly impoverished, I think of the Riviera as a kind of No Man's Land of luxury, a stretch of neutral ground between the trenches of the new-rich and the new-poor.

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THE VIEW FROM A HILL[1]

BY M. R. JAMES

How pleasant it can be, alone in a first-class railway carriage, on the first day of a holiday that is to be fairly long, to dawdle through a bit of English country that is unfamiliar, stopping at every station. You have a map open on your knee, and you pick out the villages that lie to right and left by their church towers. You marvel at the complete stillness that attends your stoppage at the stations, broken only by a footstep crunching the gravel. Yet perhaps that is best experienced after sundown, and the traveler I have in mind was making his leisurely progress on a sunny afternoon in the latter half of June.

He was in the depths of the country. I need not particularize further than to say that if you divided the map of England into four quarters he would have been found in the southwestern of them.

He was a man of academic pursuits, and his term was just over. He was on his way to meet a new friend, older than himself. The two of them had met first on an official inquiry in town, had found that they had many tastes and habits in common, liked each other, and the result was an invitation from Squire Richards to Mr. Fanshawe, which was now taking effect.

The journey ended about five o'clock. Fanshawe was told by a cheerful country porter that the car from the Hall had been up to the station and left a message that something had to be fetched from half a mile farther on, and would the gentleman please to wait a few minutes till it came back. 'But I see,' continued the porter, 'as you've got your bysticle, and very like you'd find it pleasanter to ride up to the 'All yourself. Straight up the road 'ere, and then just turn to the left — it ain't above two mile — and I'll see as your things is put in the car for you. You'll excuse me mentioning it, only I thought it were a nice evening for a ride. Yes, sir, very seasonable weather for the haymakers; let me see, I have your bike ticket. Thank you, sir; much obliged; you can't miss your road.'

The two miles to the Hall were just what was needed, after the day in the train, to dispel somnolence and impart a wish for tea. The Hall, when sighted, also promised just what was needed in the way of a quiet resting-place after days of sitting on committees and college meetings. It was neither excitingly old nor depressingly new. Plastered walls, sash windows, old trees, smooth lawns, were the features which Fanshawe noticed as he came up the drive. Squire Richards, a burly man of sixty-odd, was awaiting him in the porch with evident pleasure.

'Tea first,' he said; 'or would you like a longer drink? No? All right, tea's ready in the garden. Come along, they'll put your machine away. I always have tea under the lime tree by the stream on a day like this.'

Nor could you ask for a better place. Midsummer afternoon, shade and scent of a vast lime tree, cool swirling water within five yards. It was long before either of them suggested a move. But about six Mr. Richards sat up, knocked out his pipe, and said: 'Look here, it's

[1] From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), *May*

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cool enough now to think of a stroll, if you're inclined? All right; then what I suggest is that we walk up the park and get on to the hillside, where we can look over the country. We'll have a map, and I'll show you where things are; and you can go off on your machine, or we can take the car, according as you want exercise or not. If you're ready, we can start now and be back well before eight, taking it very easy.'

'I'm ready. I should like my stick, though. And have you got any field glasses? I lent mine to a man a week ago, and he's gone off Lord knows where and taken them with him.'

Mr. Richards pondered. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have, but they're not things I use myself, and I don't know whether the ones I have will suit you. They're old-fashioned, and about twice as heavy as they make 'em now. You're welcome to have them, but I won't carry them. By the way, what do you want to drink after dinner?'

Protestations that anything would do were overruled, and a satisfactory settlement was reached on the way to the front hall, where Mr. Fanshawe found his stick, and Mr. Richards, after thoughtful pursing of his lower lip, resorted to a drawer in the hall table, extracted a key, crossed to a cupboard in the paneling, opened it, took a box from the shelf, and put it on the table. 'The glasses are in there,' he said, 'and there's some dodge of opening it, but I've forgotten what it is. You try.' Mr. Fanshawe accordingly tried. There was no keyhole, and the box was solid, heavy, and smooth; it seemed obvious that some part of it would have to be pressed before anything could happen. 'The corners,' said he to himself, 'are the likely places; and infernally sharp corners they are too,' he added, as he put his thumb in his mouth after exerting force on a lower-corner screw. 'What's the matter?' said the Squire.

'Why, your disgusting Borgia box has scratched me, drat it,' said Fanshawe. The Squire chuckled unfeelingly. 'Well, you've got it open, anyway,' he said.

'So I have! Well, I don't begrudge a drop of blood in a good cause, and here are the glasses. They *are* pretty heavy, as you said, but I think I'm equal to carrying them.'

'Ready?' said the Squire. 'Come on then; we go out by the garden.'

So they did, and passed out into the park, which sloped decidedly upward to the hill which, as Fanshawe had seen from the train, dominated the country. It was a spur of a larger range that lay behind. On the way the Squire, who was great on earthworks, pointed out various spots where he detected or imagined traces of war ditches and the like. 'And here,' he said, stopping on a more or less level plot with a ring of large trees, 'is Baxter's Roman villa.'

'Baxter?' said Mr. Fanshawe.

'I forgot; you don't know about him. He was the old chap I got those glasses from. I believe he made them. He was an old watchmaker down in the village, a great antiquary. My father gave him leave to grub about where he liked; and when he made a find he used to lend him a man or two to help him with the digging. He got a surprising lot of things together, and when he died — I dare say it's ten or fifteen years ago — I bought the whole lot and gave them to the town museum. We'll run in one of these days, and look over them. The glasses came to me with the rest, but of course I kept them. If you look at them, you'll see they're more or less amateur work — the body of them; naturally the lenses were n't his making.'

'Yes, I see they are just the sort of thing that a clever workman in a different line of business might turn out. But I don't see why he made them so

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heavy. And did Baxter actually find a Roman villa here?'

'Yes, there's a pavement turfed over, where we're standing; it was too rough and plain to be worth taking up, but of course there are drawings of it; and the small things and pottery that turned up were quite good of their kind. An ingenious chap, old Baxter; he seemed to have a quite out-of-the-way instinct for these things. He was invaluable to our archæologists. He used to shut up his shop for days at a time, and wander off over the district, marking down places, where he scented anything, on the ordnance map; and he kept a book with fuller notes of the places. Since his death a good many of them have been sampled, and there's always been something to justify him.'

'What a good man!' said Mr. Fanshawe.

'Good?' said the Squire, pulling up brusquely.

'I meant useful to have about the place,' said Mr. Fanshawe. 'But was he a villain?'

'I don't know about that either,' said the Squire; 'but all I can say is, if he was good, he was n't lucky. And he was n't liked: I did n't like him,' he added, after a moment.

'Oh?' said Fanshawe, interrogatively.

'No, I did n't; but that's enough about Baxter. Besides, this is the stiffest bit, and I don't want to talk and walk as well.'

Indeed it was hot, climbing a slippery grassy slope that evening. 'I told you I should take you the short way,' panted the Squire, 'and I wish I had n't. However, a bath won't do us any harm when we get back. Here we are, and there's the seat.'

A small clump of old Scotch firs crowned the top of the hill, and at the edge of it, commanding the cream of the view, was a wide and solid seat, on which the two disposed themselves, and wiped their brows, and regained breath.

'Now, then,' said the Squire, as soon as he was in a condition to talk connectedly, 'this is where your glasses come in. But you'd better take a general look round first. My word! I've never seen the view look better.'

Writing as I am now with a winter wind flapping against dark windows and a rushing, tumbling sea within a hundred yards, I find it hard to summon up the feelings and words which will put my reader in possession of the June evening and the lovely English landscape of which the Squire was speaking.

Across a broad level plain they looked upon ranges of great hills, whose uplands — some green, some furred with woods — caught the light of a sun, westering but not yet low. And all the plain was fertile, though the river which traversed it was nowhere seen. There were copses, green wheat, hedges, and pasture land; the little compact white moving cloud marked the evening train. Then the eye picked out red farms and gray houses, and nearer home scattered cottages, and then the Hall, nestled under the hill. The smoke of chimneys was very blue and straight. There was a smell of hay in the air; there were wild roses on bushes hard by. It was the acme of summer.

After some minutes of silent contemplation, the Squire began to point out the leading features, the hills and valleys, and told where the towns and villages lay. 'Now,' he said, 'with the glasses you'll be able to pick out Fulnaker Abbey. Take a line across that big green field, then over the wood beyond it, then over the farm on the knoll.'

'Yes, yes,' said Fanshawe. 'I've got it. What a fine tower!'

'You must have got the wrong direction,' said the Squire; 'there's not much of a tower about there that I remem-

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ber, unless it's Oldbourne church that you've got hold of. And if you call that a fine tower, you're easily pleased.'

'Well, I do call it a fine tower,' said Fanshawe, the glasses still at his eyes, 'whether it's Oldbourne or any other. And it must belong to a largish church — it looks to me like a central tower; four big pinnacles at the corners, and four smaller ones between. I must certainly go over there. How far is it?'

'Oldbourne's about nine miles, or less,' said the Squire. 'It's a long time since I've been there, but I don't remember thinking much of it. Now I'll show you another thing.'

Fanshawe had lowered the glasses, and was still gazing in the Oldbourne direction. 'No,' he said, 'I can't make out anything with the naked eye. What was it you were going to show me?'

'A good deal more to the left — it ought n't to be difficult to find. Do you see a rather sudden knob of a hill with a thick wood on top of it? It's in a dead line with that single tree on the top of the big ridge.'

'I do,' said Fanshawe, 'and I believe I could tell you without much difficulty what it's called.'

'Could you now?' said the Squire. 'Say on.'

'Why, Gallows Hill,' was the answer.

'How did you guess that?'

'Well, if you don't want it guessed, you should n't put up a dummy gibbet and a man hanging on it.'

'What's that?' said the Squire abruptly. 'There's nothing on that hill but wood.'

'On the contrary,' said Fanshawe, 'there's a largish expanse of grass on the top and your dummy gibbet in the middle; and I thought there was something on it when I looked first. But I see there's nothing — or is there? I can't be sure.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, Fanshawe, there's no such thing as a dummy gibbet, or any other sort, on that hill. And it's thick wood — a fairly young plantation. I was in it myself not a year ago. Hand me the glasses, though I don't suppose I can see anything.' After a pause: 'No, I thought not: they won't show a thing.'

Meanwhile Fanshawe was scanning the hill — it might be only two or three miles away. 'Well, it's very odd,' he said, 'it does look exactly like a wood without the glass.' He took it again. 'That *is* one of the oddest effects. The gibbet is perfectly plain, and the grass field, and there even seem to be people on it, and carts, or *a* cart, with men in it. And yet when I take the glass away, there's nothing. It must be something in the way this afternoon light falls; I shall come up earlier in the day when the sun's full on it.'

'Did you say you saw people and a cart on that hill?' said the Squire incredulously. 'What should they be doing there at this time of day, even if the trees have been felled? Do talk sense — look again.'

'Well, I certainly thought I saw them. Yes, I should say there were a few just clearing off. And now — by Jove, it does look like something hanging on the gibbet. But these glasses are so beastly heavy I can't hold them steady for long. Anyhow, you can take it from me there's no wood. And if you'll show me the road on the map, I'll go there to-morrow.'

The Squire remained brooding for some little time. At last he rose and said, 'Well, I suppose that will be the best way to settle it. And now we'd better be getting back. Bath and dinner is my idea.' And on the way back he was not very communicative.

They returned through the garden, and went into the great hall to leave sticks and so on in their due place. And

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here they found the aged butler Patten evidently in a state of some anxiety. 'Beg pardon, Master Henry,' he began at once, 'but someone's been up to mischief here, I'm much afraid.' He pointed to the open box which had contained the glasses.

'Nothing worse than that, Patten?' said the Squire. 'May n't I take out my own glasses and lend them to a friend? Bought with my own money, you recollect? At old Baxter's sale, eh?'

Patten bowed, unconvinced. 'Oh, very well, Master Henry, as long as you know who it was. Only I thought proper to name it, for I did n't think that box'd been off its shelf since you first put it there; and, if you'll excuse me, after what happened . . .' The voice was lowered, and the rest was not audible to Fanshawe. The Squire replied with a few words and a gruff laugh, and called on Fanshawe to come and be shown his room. And I do not think that anything else happened that night which bears on my story.

Except, perhaps, the sensation which invaded Fanshawe in the small hours that something had been let out which ought not to have been let out. It came into his dreams. He was walking in a garden which he seemed half to know, and stopped in front of a rockery made of old wrought stones, pieces of window tracery from a church, and even bits of figures. One of these moved him curiously; it seemed to be a sculptured capital with scenes carved on it. He felt he must pull it out, and worked away, and, with an ease that surprised him, moved the stones that obscured it aside, and pulled out the block. As he did so, a tin label fell down by his feet with a little clatter. He picked it up and read on it: 'On no account move this stone. Yours sincerely, J. Patten.' As often happens in dreams, he felt that this injunction was of extreme importance, and with an anxiety that amounted to anguish he looked to see if the stone had really been shifted. Indeed it had; in fact he could not see it anywhere. The removal had disclosed the mouth of a burrow, and he bent down to look into it. Something stirred in the blackness, and then, to his intense horror, a hand emerged — a clean right hand in a neat cuff and coat-sleeve, just in the attitude of a hand that means to shake yours. He wondered whether it would not be rude to let it alone. But, as he looked at it, it began to grow hairy and dirty and thin, and also to change its pose and stretch out as if to take hold of his leg. At that he dropped all thought of politeness, decided to run, screamed, and woke himself up.

This was the dream he remembered; but it seemed to him — as, again, it often does — that there had been others of the same import before, but not so insistent. He lay awake for some little time, fixing the details of the last dream in his mind, and wondering in particular what the figures had been which he had seen or half seen on the carved capital. Something quite incongruous, he felt sure; but that was the most he could recall.

Whether because of the dream, or because it was the first day of his holiday, he did not get up very early; nor did he at once plunge into the exploration of the country. He spent a morning, half lazy, half instructive, in looking over the volumes of the County Archæological Society's transactions, in which were many contributions from Mr. Baxter on finds of flint implements, Roman sites, ruins of monastic establishments; in fact, most departments of archæology. They were written in an odd, pompous, only half-educated style. If the man had had more early schooling, thought Fanshawe, he would have been a very distinguished antiquary;

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or he might have been — he thus qualified his opinion a little later — but for a certain love of opposition and controversy, and, yes, a patronizing tone as of one possessing superior knowledge, which left an unpleasant taste. He might have been a very respectable artist. There was an imaginery restoration and elevation of a priory church which was very well conceived. A fine pinnacled central tower was a conspicuous feature of this; it reminded Fanshawe of that which he had seen from the hill, and which the Squire had told him must be Oldbourne. But it was not Oldbourne; it was Fulnaker Priory. 'Oh, well,' he said to himself, 'I suppose Oldbourne church may have been built by Fulnaker monks, and Baxter has copied Oldbourne tower. Anything about it in the letterpress? Ah, I see it was published after his death — found among his papers.'

After lunch the Squire asked Fanshawe what he meant to do.

'Well,' said Fanshawe, 'I think I shall go out on my bike about four as far as Oldbourne and back by Gallows Hill. That ought to be a round of about fifteen miles, ought n't it?'

'About that,' said the Squire, 'and you'll pass Lambsfield and Wanstone, both of which are worth looking at. There's a little glass at Lambsfield and the stone at Wanstone.'

'Good,' said Fanshawe, 'I'll get tea somewhere, and may I take the glasses? I'll strap them on my bike, on the carrier.'

'Of course, if you like,' said the Squire. 'I really ought to have some better ones. If I go into the town to-day, I'll see if I can pick up some.'

'Why should you trouble to do that, if you can't use them yourself?' said Fanshawe.

'Oh, I don't know; one ought to have a decent pair; and — well, old Patten does n't think those are fit to use.'

'Is he a judge?'

'He's got some tale; I don't know — something about old Baxter. I've promised to let him tell me about it. It seems very much on his mind since last night.'

'Why that? Did he have a nightmare like me?'

'He had something; he was looking an old man this morning, and he said he had n't closed an eye.'

'Well, let him save up his tale till I come back.'

'Very well, I will if I can. Look here, are you going to be late? If you get a puncture eight miles off and have to walk home, what then? I don't trust these bicycles. I shall tell them to give us cold things to eat.'

'I shan't mind that, whether I'm late or early. But I've got things to mend punctures with. And now I 'm off.'

It was just as well that the Squire had made that arrangement about a cold supper, Fanshawe thought, and not for the first time, as he wheeled his bicycle up the drive about nine o'clock. So also the Squire thought and said, several times, as he met him in the hall, rather pleased at the confirmation of his want of faith in bicycles than sympathetic with his hot, weary, thirsty, and indeed haggard, friend. In fact, the kindest thing he found to say was: 'You'll want a long drink to-night? Cider cup do? All right. Hear that, Patten? Cider cup, iced, lots of it.' Then to Fanshawe, 'Don't be all night over your bath.'

By half-past nine they were at dinner and Fanshawe was reporting progress, if progress it might be called.

'I got to Lambsfield very smoothly, and saw the glass. It is very interesting stuff, but there's a lot of lettering I could n't read.'

'Not with glasses?' said the Squire.

'Those glasses of yours are no man-

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ner of use inside a church — or inside anywhere, I suppose, for that matter. But the only places I took 'em into were churches.'

'H'm! Well, go on,' said the Squire.

'However, I took some sort of a photograph of the window, and I dare say an enlargement would show what I want. Then Wanstone; I should think that stone was a very out-of-the-way thing, only I don't know about that class of antiquities. Has anybody opened the mound it stands on?'

'Baxter wanted to, but the farmer would n't let him.'

'Oh, well, I should think it would be worth doing. Anyhow, the next thing was Fulnaker and Oldbourne. You know, it's very odd about that tower I saw from the hill. Oldbourne church is nothing like it, and of course there's nothing over thirty feet high at Fulnaker, though you can see it had a central tower. I did n't tell you, did I, that Baxter's fancy drawing of Fulnaker shows a tower exactly like the one I saw?'

'So you thought, I dare say,' put in the Squire.

'No, it was n't a case of thinking. The picture actually *reminded* me of what I'd seen, and I made sure it was Oldbourne, well before I looked at the title.'

'Well, Baxter had a very fair idea of architecture. I dare say what's left made it easy for him to draw the right sort of tower.'

'That may be it, of course, but I'm doubtful if even a professional could have got it so exactly right. There's absolutely nothing left at Fulnaker but the bases of the piers which supported it. However, that is n't the oddest thing.'

'What about Gallows Hill?' said the Squire. 'Here, Patten, listen to this. I told you what Mr. Fanshawe said he saw from the hill.'

'Yes, Master Henry, you did; and I can't say I was so much surprised, considering.'

'All right, all right. You keep that till afterward. We want to hear what Mr. Fanshawe saw to-day. Go on, Fanshawe. You turned to come back by Ackford and Thorfield, I suppose?'

'Yes, and I looked into both the churches. Then I got to the turning which goes to the top of Gallows Hill; I saw that if I wheeled my machine over the field at the top of the hill I could join the home road on this side. It was about half-past six when I got to the top of the hill, and there was a gate on my right, where it ought to be, leading into the belt of plantation.'

'You hear that, Patten? A belt, he says.'

'So I thought it was — a belt. But it was n't. You were quite right, and I was hopelessly wrong. I *cannot* understand it. The whole top is planted quite thick. Well, I went on into this wood, wheeling and dragging my bike, expecting every minute to come to a clearing, and then my misfortunes began. Thorns, I suppose. First I realized that the front tire was slack, then the back. I could n't stop to do more than try to find the punctures and mark them; but even that was hopeless. So I ploughed on, and the farther I went, the less I liked the place.'

'Not much poaching in that cover, eh, Patten?' said the Squire.

'No, indeed, Master Henry; there's very few cares to go — '

'No, I know; never mind that now. Go on, Fanshawe.'

'I don't blame anybody for not caring to go there. I know I had all the fancies one least likes: steps crackling over twigs behind me, indistinct people stepping behind trees in front of me, yes, and even a hand laid on my shoulder. I pulled up very sharp at that and looked round, but there really was no

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branch or bush that could have done it. Then, when I was just about at the middle of the plot, I was convinced that there was someone looking down on me from above — and not with any pleasant intent. I stopped again, or at least slackened my pace, to look up. And as I did, down I came, and barked my shins abominably on — what do you think? — a block of stone with a big square hole in the top of it. And within a few paces there were two others just like it. The three were set in a triangle. Now, do you make out what they were put there for?'

'I think I can,' said the Squire, who was now very grave and absorbed in the story. 'Sit down, Patten.' It was time, for the old man was supporting himself by one hand, and leaning heavily on it. He dropped into a chair, and said in a very tremulous voice, 'You did n't go between them stones did you, sir?'

'I did *not*,' said Fanshawe, emphatically. 'I dare say I was an ass, but as soon as it dawned on me where I was, I just shouldered my machine and did my best to run. It seemed to me as if I was in an unholy, evil sort of graveyard, and I was most profoundly thankful that it was one of the longest days and still sunlight. Well, I had a horrid run, even if it was only a few hundred yards. Everything caught on everything: handles and spokes and carrier and pedals — caught in them viciously, or I fancied so. I fell over at least five times. At last I saw the hedge, and I could n't trouble to hunt for the gate.'

'There *is* no gate on my side,' the Squire interpolated.

'Just as well I did n't waste time, then. I dropped the machine over somehow and went into the road pretty near head-first — some branch or something got my ankle at the last moment. Anyhow, there I was out of the wood, and seldom more thankful or more generally sore. Then came the job of mending my punctures. I had a good outfit, and I 'm not at all bad at the business, but this was an absolutely hopeless case. It was seven when I got out of the wood, and I spent fifty minutes over one tire. As fast as I found a hole and put on a patch, and blew it up, it went flat again. So I made up my mind to walk. That hill is n't three miles away, is it?'

'Not more across country, but nearer six by road.'

'I thought it must be. I thought I could n't have taken well over the hour over less than five miles, even leading a bike. Well, there's my story; where's yours and Patten's?'

'Mine? I've no story,' said the Squire. 'But you were n't very far out when you thought you were in a graveyard. There must be a good few of them up there, Patten, don't you think? They left 'em there when they fell to bits, I fancy.'

Patten nodded, too much interested to speak. 'Don't,' said Fanshawe.

'Now then, Patten,' said the Squire, 'you've heard what sort of a time Mr. Fanshawe's been having. What do you make of it? Anything to do with Mr. Baxter? Fill yourself a glass of port, and tell us.'

'Ah, that done me good, Master Henry,' said Patten, after absorbing what was before him. 'If you really wish to know what were in my thoughts, my answer would be clear in the affirmative. Yes,' he went on, warming to his work, 'I should say as Mr. Fanshawe's experience of to-day were very largely doo to the person you named. And I think, Master Henry, as I have some title to speak, in view of me 'aving been many years on speaking terms with him, and swore in to be jury on the coroner's inquest near this time ten years ago, you being then, if you carry your mind back, Master Henry, traveling abroad, and no one 'ere to represent the family.'

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'Inquest?' said Fanshawe. 'An inquest on Mr. Baxter, was there?'

'Yes, sir, on — on that very person. The facts as led up to that occurrence was these. The deceased was, as you may have gathered, a very peculiar individual in 'is 'abits — in my idear, at least, but all must speak as they find. He lived very much to himself, without neither chick nor child, as the saying is. And how he passed away his time was what very few could orfer a guess at.'

'He lived unknown, and few could know when Baxter ceased to be,' said the Squire to his pipe.

'I beg pardon, Master Henry, I was just coming to that. But when I say how he passed away his time — to be sure we know 'ow intent he was in rummaging and ransacking out all the 'istry of the neighborhood and the number of things he'd managed to collect together — well, it was spoke of for miles round as Baxter's Museum, and many a time when he might be in the mood, and I might have an hour to spare, have he showed me his pieces of pots and what not, going back by his account to the times of the ancient Romans. However, you know more about that than what I do, Master Henry; only what I was a-going to say was this, as know what he might and interesting as he might be in his talk, there was something about the man — well, for one thing, no one ever remember to see him in church nor yet chapel at service time. And that made talk. Our rector he never come in the house but once. "Never ask me what the man said": that was all anybody could ever get out of *him*.

'Then how did he spend his nights, particularly about this season of the year? Time and again the laboring men 'd meet him coming back as they went out to their work, and he 'd pass 'em by without a word, looking, they says, like someone straight out of the asylum. They see the whites of his eyes all round. He 'd have a fish-basket with him, — that they noticed, — and he always come the same road. And the talk got to be that he 'd made himself some business, and that not the best kind — well, not so far from where you was at seven o'clock this evening, sir.

'Well, now, after such a night as that, Mr. Baxter he 'd shut up the shop, and the old lady that did for him had orders not to come in; and knowing what she did about his language, she took care to obey them orders. But one day it so happened, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the house being shut up as I said, there come a most fearful to-do inside, and smoke out of the windows, and Baxter crying out seemingly in an agony. So the man as lived next door he run round to the back premises and burst the door in, and several others come too. Well, he tell me he never in all his life smelled such a fearful — well, odor as what there was in that kitchen-place. It seem as if Baxter had been boiling something in a pot and overset it on his leg. There he laid on the floor, trying to keep back the cries, but it was more than he could manage, and when he seen the people come in — oh, he was in a nice condition; if his tongue warn 't blistered worse than his leg it warn't his fault. Well, they picked him up, and got him into a chair, and run for the medical man, and one of 'em was going to pick up the pot, and Baxter, he screams out to let it alone. So he did, but he could n't see as there was anything in the pot but a few old brown bones. Then they says, "Dr. Lawrence 'll be here in a minute, Mr. Baxter; he'll soon put you to rights." And then he was off again. He must be got up to his room, he could n't have the doctor come in there and see all that mess — they must throw a cloth over it — anything — the table-

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cloth out of the parlor. Well, so they did. But that must have been poisonous stuff in that pot, for it was pretty near on two months afore Baxter were about agin. Beg pardon, Master Henry, was you going to say something?'

'Yes, I was,' said the Squire. I wonder you have n't told me all this before. However, I was going to say I remember old Lawrence telling me he'd attended Baxter. He was a queer card, he said. Lawrence was up in the bedroom one day, and picked up a little mask covered with black velvet, and put it on in fun and went to look at himself in the glass. He had n't time for a proper look, for old Baxter shouted out to him from the bed: "Put it down, you fool! Do you want to look through a dead man's eyes?" It startled him so that he did put it down, and then he asked Baxter what he meant. And Baxter insisted on him handing it over, and said the man he bought it from was dead, or some such nonsense. But Lawrence felt it as he handed it over, and he declared he was sure it was made out of the front of a skull. He bought a distilling apparatus at Baxter's sale, he told me, but he could never use it: it seemed to taint everything, however much he cleaned it. But go on, Patten.'

'Yes, Master Henry, I'm nearly done now, and time, too, for I don't know what they'll think about me in the servants' 'all. Well, this business of the scalding was some few years before Mr. Baxter was took, and he got about again, and went on just as he'd used. And one of the last jobs he done was finishing up them actual glasses what you took out last night. You see he'd made the body of them some long time, and got the pieces of glass for them, but there was somethink wanted to finish 'em, whatever it was, I don't know, but I picked up the frame one day, and I says: "Mr. Baxter, why don't you make a job of this?" And he says, "Ah, when I've done that you'll hear news, you will; there's going to be no such pair of glasses as mine when they're filled and sealed." And there he stopped, and I says: "Why, Mr. Baxter, you talk as if they was wine bottles; filled and sealed — why, where's the necessity for that?" "Did I say filled and sealed?" he says. "Oh, well, I was suiting my conversation to my company." Well, then, come round this time of year, and one fine evening I was passing his shop on my way home, and he was standing on the step, very pleased with hisself, and he says: "All right and tight now; my best bit of work's finished, and I'll be out with 'em to-morrow." "What, finished them glasses?" I says. "Might I have a look at them?" "No, no," he says, "I've put 'em to bed for to-night, and when I do show 'em you, you'll have to pay for peepin', so I tell you." And that, gentlemen, were the last words I heard that man say.

'That were the seventeenth of June, and, just a week after, there was a funny thing happened, and it was doo to that as we brought in "unsound mind" at the inquest, for barring that, no one as knew Baxter in business could anyways have laid that against him. But George Williams, as lived in the next house, and do now, he was woke up that same night with a stumbling and tumbling about in Mr. Baxter's premises, and he got out o' bed, and went to the front window on the street to see if there was any rough customers about. And it being a very light night, he could make sure as there was not.

'Then he stood and listened, and he hear Mr. Baxter coming down his front stair one step after another very slow, and he got the idear as it was like someone bein' pushed or pulled down and holdin' on to everythin' he could. Next thing he hear the street door come

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open, and out come Mr. Baxter into the street in his day-clothes, 'at and all, with his arms straight down by his sides, and talking to hisself, and shakin' his head from one side to the other, and walking in that peculiar way that he appeared to be going as it were against his own will. George Williams put up the window, and hear him say, "Oh, mercy, gentlemen!" And then he shut up sudden as if, he said, someone clapped his hand over his mouth, and Mr. Baxter threw his head back, and his hat fell off. And Williams see his face looking something pitiful, so as he could n't keep from calling out to him, "Why, Mr. Baxter, ain't you well?" And he was goin' to offer to fetch Dr. Lawrence to him, only he heard the answer: "'T'is best you mind your own business. Put in your head." But whether it were Mr. Baxter said it so hoarselike and faint, he never could be sure. Still there were n't no one but him in the street, and yet Williams was that upset by the way he spoke that he shrank back from the window and went and sat on the bed. And he heard Mr. Baxter's step go on and up the road, and after a minute or more he could n't help but look out once more, and he see him going along the same curious way as before. And one thing he recollected was that Mr. Baxter never stopped to pick up his 'at when it fell off, and yet there it was on his head.

'Well, Master Henry, that was the last anybody see of Mr. Baxter, leastways for a week or more. There was a lot of people said he was called off on business, or made off because he'd got into some scrape, but he was well known for miles round, and none of the railway people nor the public-house people had n't seen him; and then ponds was looked into and nothink found; and at last one evening Fakes the keeper come down from over the hill to the village, and he says he seen the Gallows Hill planting black with birds, and that were a funny thing, because he never see no sign of a creature there in his time. So they looked at each other a bit, and first one says, "I'm game to go up," and another says, "So am I, if you are," and half a dozen of 'em set out in the evening time, and took Dr. Lawrence with them, and you know, Master Henry, there he was between them three stones with his neck broke.'

Useless to imagine the talk which this story set going. It is not remembered. But before Patten left them, he said to Fanshawe: 'Excuse me, sir, but did I understand as you took out them glasses with you to-day? I thought you did; and might I ask, did you make use of them at all?'

'Yes. Only to look at something in a church.'

'Oh, indeed, you took 'em into the church, did you, sir?'

'Yes, I did; it was Lambsfield church. By the way, I left them strapped on to my bicycle, I'm afraid, in the stable-yard.'

'No matter for that, sir. I can bring them in the first thing to-morrow, and perhaps you'll be so good as to look at 'em then.'

Accordingly, before breakfast, after a tranquil and well-earned sleep, Fanshawe took the glasses into the garden and directed them to a distant hill. He lowered them instantly, and looked at top and bottom, worked the screws, tried them again and yet again, shrugged his shoulders, and replaced them on the hall table.

'Patten,' he said, 'they're absolutely useless. I can't see a thing; it's as if someone had stuck a black wafer over the lens.'

'Spoiled my glasses, have you?' said the Squire. 'Thank you. The only ones I've got.'

'You try them yourself,' said Fanshawe; 'I've done nothing to them.'

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So after breakfast the Squire took them out to the terrace and stood on the steps. After a few ineffectual attempts, 'Lord, how heavy they are!' he said impatiently, and in the same instant dropped them on to the stones, and the lens splintered and the barrel cracked. A little pool of liquid formed on the stone slab. It was inky black, and the odor that rose from it is not to be described.

'Filled and sealed, eh?' said the Squire. 'If I could bring myself to touch it, I dare say we should find the seal. So that's what came of his boiling and distilling, is it? Old ghoul!'

'What in the world do you mean?'

'Don't you see, my good man? Remember what he said to the doctor about looking through dead men's eyes? Well, this was another way of it. But they did n't like having their bones boiled, I take it, and the end of it was they carried him off whither he would not. Well, I'll get a spade, and we'll bury this thing decently.'

As they smoothed the turf over it, the Squire, handing the spade to Patten, who had been a reverential spectator, remarked to Fanshawe:—

'It's almost a pity you took that thing into the church; you might have seen more than you did. Baxter only had them for a week, I make out, but I don't see that he did much in the time.'

'I 'm not sure,' said Fanshawe; 'there is that picture of Fulnaker Priory church.'

THE ROBBERS [1]

BY KAREL ČAPEK

[The new play, *The Robbers*, from the pen of the Czech dramatist who leaped into fame a few years ago with *R. U. R.*, has not yet been published, and no arrangements for production have yet been announced. We are able to give our readers the first English translation of a vivid scene from the fourth act.]

PROFESSOR. Do you hear, my dear? Well, what shall we do now?

HIS WIFE. What do you want to do?

PROFESSOR. What has become of Mimi?

WIFE. Well, I don't know —

PROFESSOR. Twenty years we have sheltered her like the apple of our eyes. Every little obstacle we have cleared out of her way. We have bent even the twigs aside from her path so that not even a shadow could fall on her. Until now we never even left her alone a single moment, did we?

WIFE. No.

PROFESSOR. Only to think we went away yesterday! Oh, I did it with a heavy heart. When I had a presentiment on the way, I made you share it, and we turned straight around, with our journey halfway complete.

WIFE. Made me share it! It was you who wanted to do it!

PROFESSOR. Yes, I. Oh, my dear, we must tremble before fate; we must understand the signs it gives us. You know what happened to our first!

WIFE. Lola.

PROFESSOR. Don't speak her name

[1] From the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *April* 16

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in my hearing. I don't want to hear anything of her!

WIFE. I don't understand why I find myself thinking of her so much.

PROFESSOR. Not a word. Don't remind me of her. No, no, God help us, such a disaster will not befall us again.

WIFE. But if we only knew where she is and how life goes with her — (*There is a pause.*) You see —

PROFESSOR. What?

WIFE. Well, is n't it fate? When Lola climbed through a window and ran away, you had bars and locks put on everywhere, and you said: 'I 'll make a stronghold of the place.' No door was strong enough for you —

PROFESSOR. Well, and —

WIFE. And yet, you see — we did that and now we have lost Mimi. By making a stronghold of the place. That 's what your bars are worth.

PROFESSOR. My bars! Perhaps you expected me to leave the doors and windows wide open for my little daughter, so that Mimi too could elope through a window, when she took a fancy to somebody. These girls of ours have it in their blood.

WIFE. Which of us do they get it from?

PROFESSOR. Which of us? Not from me, you may be sure.

WIFE. No, certainly not from you.

PROFESSOR. What? Why, what do you mean by that?

WIFE. Nothing. But certainly they don't get it from you.

PROFESSOR. Why, mother, they don't get it from you — you surely don't think that —

WIFE. I don't know.

PROFESSOR. They do not get it from us. How long did we wait for one another?

WIFE. Eight years.

PROFESSOR. You say eight years. All our youth. And yet it never once occurred to us to elope — it never once occurred to us not to be obedient. Not even in our dreams. Not for a single instant did it come into our minds that we could do such a thing.

WIFE. Maybe it did n't occur to you —

PROFESSOR. No, certainly not. But you — surely, surely not to you?

WIFE. To me?

PROFESSOR. No, never! Eight years you waited silently, patiently, a very model!

WIFE. Patiently — no, not that. I beg you, don't let us talk about that!

PROFESSOR. About what?

WIFE. Those eight years.

PROFESSOR. For God's sake, wife, I don't understand you. Ought we to have done anything else? Ought we not to have waited rather than have eloped or — Tell me, did you ever think of such a thing? Is it possible that you expected me to —

WIFE. Oh, the things I thought! I had no sense!

PROFESSOR. You had no sense! No sense! But tell me now what else could we have done?

WIFE. What do you mean?

PROFESSOR. No, say it yourself, mother. You are so clever. Tell me whether you wish to-day we had done anything else.

WIFE. I 'm not a reasonable person.

PROFESSOR. Oh — I never suspected it! I never suspected that I did not know you.

WIFE. I know. Listen, is this love?

PROFESSOR. What?

WIFE. What Mimi has — the way he has acted and all that — is that love, too?

PROFESSOR. What are you asking?

WIFE. I never felt it.

PROFESSOR. What? What did you never feel?

WIFE. What Mimi has felt. Do you think Mimi will regret her youth?

PROFESSOR. And you — do you regret yours?

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WIFE. Perhaps we never were young.

PROFESSOR. No, I had no time for it. I had to work.

WIFE. I know that, but perhaps — you might have done still more. Perhaps —

PROFESSOR. What?

WIFE. Like Mimi — and perhaps more. What should I have done if you — if you — had shown more love for me!

PROFESSOR. If I had shown love for you! Was n't it love, my dear, that I worked for you, slaved for you, never slept, never lived —

WIFE. You have worked, yes, you have worked. But waiting was — was worse than working.

PROFESSOR. And you waited eight years. Was n't that love?

WIFE. Love? I don't know. Perhaps there was more love that day when I did n't want to wait any more, that day when I wanted to fly to you. You never knew. I never told you anything about it because — you would always have been talking of it; and so the wish fell asleep — quite —

PROFESSOR. You wanted to fly —?

WIFE. Only once. But it was something bigger than the eight years and all the rest of it.

PROFESSOR. Bigger than — marriage?

WIFE. I don't know — perhaps.

PROFESSOR. Are you serious, my dear?

WIFE. When one speaks a single time in thirty years, it is very serious indeed.

PROFESSOR. Then — then it 's true! Look, old man, what you could n't do. You struggled and worked and knew no rest, and worked yourself to death, and yet, and yet that is n't love. What is love? You did n't love!

WIFE. Please, please —

PROFESSOR. No, no. Be still. I was happy. I thought — I believed — I have been in love all my life — for love's sake. I was happy — to-day! Oh, give me back my happiness!

WIFE. For God's sake, what are you saying?

PROFESSOR. Back! I 'll give it back to you! Old fool that I am! And now must this cursed old humbug come and read me a lesson! (*He shakes his fist.*) But I won't weaken. I 'll revenge myself! For everything! For myself!

WIFE. What? You 'll — shoot?

PROFESSOR. Yes.

WIFE. But blood — think of the stain on Mimi!

PROFESSOR. I 'll get even with them. Youth must be subdued! (*He sits on the bench and covers his face with his hands. There is a pause. He lifts his head.*) But what shall I do with him?

WIFE. What shall you do? You have called the police already.

PROFESSOR. And suppose he resists them — what then?

WIFE. Then — then I ought to be there.

PROFESSOR. Where? With him?

WIFE. With Mimi. So that her heart may not fail. So that I may be able to serve her.

PROFESSOR (*springing up*). Alone! Alone! Oh, my God!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE ACCURACY OF KIPLING

Not long ago we printed a quotation from a solemnly learned German who pointed out that from the geological, geographical, zoölogical and ichthyological standpoints Kipling's 'Mandalay' would never, never do. With a broad-mindedness none too common among scientific gentry, this learned man bestowed one solitary condescending pat on the Bard of Empire's head when he admitted that 'Mandalay' was, after all, a very pretty poem — which a poet might conclude was praise enough.

More serious are the accusations which in the *Manchester Guardian* a fellow countryman, Mr. B. Ifor Evans, levels against the author of *Kim*. The famous novel, which has always been acclaimed as an extraordinary picture of Indian life, is, according to this critic, the very head and front of Kipling's offending. Mr. Evans has lately been to India. 'After a few months of the cold-weather season,' he writes, 'I am sure that *Kim* is nearly all wrong.' Then he has an awful thought. He recollects that scathing poem, 'Paggett, M. P.,' in which the youthful Kipling, long ago, dealt summarily with people who come over from England and think they know all about India after a brief tour. (It is, by the way, a pity that someone does not write a similar poem about the Englishmen who write all about these unfortunate States after a two months' visit.)

Rudyard Kipling

Caricatured by Alfred Lowe in the *Westminster Gazette*

But plucking up his courage, he braves the possible wrath of Mr. Kipling and proceeds. His first disillusionment in India was the third-class railway-carriage.

> I had imagined, for instance, that Indian trains would be full of picturesque people, burly Sikh artisans, a rich Hindu Jat, blue-turbaned, with a talkative wife, a fat money-lender with his folded account-book in a cloth under his arm, a young Dogra soldier going south on leave, and an Amritsar courtesan who, I was led to believe, would, in the last resort, pay for my fare. It was a long time before Anglo-Indian friends would let me get near a third-class carriage, and even when I did, all that could be distinguished was a variety of mingled smells and a seething mass of humanity struggling for places in an overcrowded carriage.

But there is worse to come: —

Mr. Kipling deceived us about Kim himself. Kim, the son of a colonel's nurse-

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maid and a young Irish color-sergeant, is allowed from babyhood to run wild in the Indian bazaars. He turns to any corner for his food and his drink; he defies the sun, and yet not only does he remain a quick-witted boy, but later he becomes the admiration of all the ladies, whose ravishing eyes are in danger of causing all sorts of trouble. One wonders what a little European boy like Kim would really have developed into, particularly when one sees 'lost' Europeans wandering in some of the cities in India.

At length the dreadful truth leaks out: Mr. Evans has an idea that E. M. Forster has come nearer to telling the truth about India than Kipling. As all the readers of *A Passage to India* will instantly agree, the two conceptions do not mix: —

My most real quarrel with *Kim* is the picture it gives of the Anglo-Indians themselves. I mean by Anglo-Indians men and women more or less resident in India. Definition is necessary, for the term has been applied recently, in a quite unsatisfactory way, to Eurasians. Now elsewhere Mr. Kipling may know that some Anglo-Indians are stupid, but in *Kim* all the 'pukka sahibs' like Colonel Creighton, the mysterious controller of the Meteorological Survey, are amazingly clever. Colonel Creighton is the doyen of this legion of brilliance, but then he is able to know everything that happens in India with the help of a few babus, a horse-dealer, and Kim. It remained for Mr. Forster to show that the majority of Anglo-Indians are not Creighton Sahibs but Burton Sahibs. So hospitable are the Anglo-Indians that it is difficult to speak of them unkindly, especially when one knows that they hate criticism. They hate Mr. Forster; they love Mr. Kipling. I remember a kind and gentle lady in Delhi who, when I asked her about Mr. Forster's *A Passage to India*, replied coldly and dispassionately, 'I should like to tear his eyes out.'

In conclusion Mr. Evans asserts that the Englishman in India is not in the least like the picture of him drawn by Mr. Kipling, and that much of the Indians' quarrel with Great Britain is really a quarrel with this Anglo-Indian community. He quotes Mr. Gandhi, who said to him: 'Our quarrel is not so much with the people in England as the way in which young Englishmen who are sent here at the age of twenty-five to be our rulers behave themselves while they are here.' Finally he makes the generous admission that 'at moments — certain spectacular moments — *Kim* is supremely right,' and yet, all the same, 'in the end you feel that *Kim* has tricked you.'

*

THE RISE OF A PAVEMENT ARTIST

EVER since the close of the war set thousands of discharged soldiers adrift without employment, the pavement artist has been a familiar and distressing sight upon the streets of London. Men who could find no other way of earning their living made a practice of drawing pictures on the flagstones as an appeal to the charity of the passers-by. Some of these men inevitably were frauds, others were undoubtedly deserving of charity, but few and far between were those worthy of artistic encouragement.

One such there is, the youthful caricaturist Alfred Lowe, who was formerly a miner but who after three years' struggle is beginning to acquire a reputation and to transfer his talents from the pavement to the press. The artist became a Nottingham miner at the age of thirteen, but even then aspired to art and amused himself by decorating the whitewashed wall of the pit with sketches of every sort, which soon attracted attention among his fellow workers. After saving money for eleven years he came to London, hoping to succeed but finding that his struggles had just begun. For three

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years more he lived in lodging-houses, sketching all day and showing his work in the streets at night.

Sometimes he made as much as fifteen shillings a night; more often it was fifteen pence. Eventually he sold a landscape, and later a famous comedian saw the merits of a caricature of himself and bought it. Since then the artist has been on the upgrade, and the *Westminster Gazette* has lately begun to print a series of his caricatures.

✽

'BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK' RIDES TO LONDON

Beggar on Horseback, the spirited play which was so successful on this side of the Atlantic, has begun its run in London. Since the hero's dream, which forms the whole second act, is a satire on American life, — which seems usually to interest foreign audiences, if only it is satiric enough, — the play ought to be fairly successful.

The dramatic critic of the *Daily Herald*, however, questions its prospects in England: —

> It is doubtful whether the play will catch the popular fancy, though it is very funny in parts; much of it is ingenious; and some of the satire is shrewd. Unfortunately, the hero sleeps too long, and the inconsequential humors of his dream become tedious.
>
> A pantomime for which our hero has composed the music is also given, and though its story would be a charming one for a ballet, the episode seems out of place in the middle of a comedy.
>
> The sceneshifters last night had the fattest parts.

✽

'SAINT JOAN' IN PARIS

THE French production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* is greeted by Parisians with very mixed emotions, although the play was staged under the direction of Georges Pitoeff, a famous director with a large following, and in spite of the fact that the audience at the first performance was crowded with eminent figures in French life, ranging from Premier Painlevé to Antoine, once famous as the leader of the new movement in the theatre.

It is not quite certain that the French altogether enjoy seeing one of their great national figures used as a peg on which to hang some of Mr. Shaw's favorite ideas. '*Saint Joan* has one grave defect: it is tiresome,' writes Claude Berton in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, and goes on to inquire: 'Will Parisians be interested by this long, this very long parody of one of the most beautiful and touching among French adventurous romances through the ages? There is room for doubt. Yet Bernard Shaw, even while he juggles and tumbles around the statue of Joan of Arc, shows himself very prudent and very skillful. The Virgin of Vaucouleurs is only a pretext for the laborious jests of which she is not directly the object, and ridicule does not touch Saint Joan herself, as it did the pitiful Bonaparte in Shaw's *Man of Destiny*.

'With his skill as a dramatist and his paradoxical dialectic Shaw has even succeeded in the tour de force of touching a sacred personage with farce, even at times with buffoonery, making her banal at times, it is true, yet always without doing real injury to her character as an heroic and sacred figure.

'Certain of Shaw's ideas circulate through this long-drawn-out operetta without music amid the controversies of characters, whom the dramatist has obviously chosen as his mouthpieces: —

'First: Joan of Arc was the earliest Protestant — an extremely unexpected notion.

'Second: the English are terrible blockheads, able to see things from one

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angle only, and often suffering as a result. (It is an Irishman who speaks.)

'Third: This poor old earth of ours is no place of asylum for the saints. Alas, we knew that already!'

✻

GROWTH OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA

IN *The Month*, a leading British Roman Catholic review, Mr. C. C. Martindale devotes an article to the development of strictly Catholic education in this country and its relation to the English universities.

'On this subject [he says] we have heard widely divergent views expressed by American Catholics. America has a number of Catholic universities (shall *we* ever have even one? Presumably not: and the problem does not weigh on us in the same form.) . . . But however good they be, does any United States Catholic seriously suppose that crowds of young Catholics will go anywhere save to the great non-Catholic universities? We have not heard one voice raised to declare any such hope. . . .

'Perhaps, too, the whole question of Catholic young men coming across from Catholic universities to our own might well be thrashed out. There must be a considerable current in the direction of Oxford and perhaps of Cambridge, to judge by the perfect stream of applications at least for information, and often for actual aggregation, that besets, from time to time, the present writer. The quite subordinate question — yet a most practical one — of whether American Catholic universities ought, or ought not, to get themselves put on the list recognized at Oxford deserves no little attention, if only because, unless such a university *is* upon that list, it is next to impossible to get any application it may put in on behalf of one of its alumni attended to. No university, we feel sure, whose standard is up to that of most American universities need have the least fear of unfair discrimination; but we appreciate the fear of seeming, by such application, to encourage education in a British non-Catholic place of education to the detriment of Catholic home institutions.'

✻

THE PERILS OF A KING

MORBID avocations of Iberian royalty described by the London *Sunday Times:* —

The King of Spain, who is 39 to-day, has, with rather grim humor, formed a collection of relics of the various attempts which have been made to cut short his career. The collection is a considerable one, and its contents range from the teat of a feeding-bottle used in an attempt to poison him at the age of eight months to pieces of the Barcelona bomb, the skeleton of a horse killed by another bomb, and a fragment of the landau in which he was riding with President Loubet at the time of the attempted assassination in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Of late years, happily, the additions to the museum have been few.

✻

OUR SLANDERED SELVES

BRITISH conception of American speech as disseminated by the *Manchester Guardian:* —

We think your quaint, old-world palaces just too 'cute, but your bed-barns certainly are bum propositions.

The Manchester journalist innocently believes 'bed-barn' to be used in America as an equivalent for 'hotel.'

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Public Life, by J. A. Spender. London: Cassell and Company; New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1925. 2 vols. $7.50.

TAKE a wise old war-horse out of harness and instantly he begins to kick up his heels. That is the origin of Mr. J. A. Spender's new book, *The Public Life* — which is not at all the solemn reading that frivolous folk might imagine from the title.

For many a strenuous year Mr. Spender was editor of that famous organ of British Liberalism, the *Westminster Gazette;* and when at length he left the editorial chair he still remained his newspaper's chief writer on public affairs, contributing a daily signed article on the chief events of the day. Lately these articles have been growing more and more infrequent, until here at length we find the cause. Relieved of constant editorial pressure, Mr. Spender has been writing. (An editor, no doubt, 'writes' too, but there's a difference.) He has been writing about the things he has seen, the men he has known, the wisdom and the folly — rather more of it, most likely — that he has heard uttered by solemn bigwigs during the years in which he has been a brilliant and expert observer of 'the public life.' No more slavery to the 'dead line,' or its equivalent in decorous British journalese; no more worry over policies and irate subscribers; no more tyranny of the minute. Instead, the quiet labor of the writer of books, the studied flow of leisured reminiscence. But why waste time describing when it is possible to quote?

Let the owner of those famous initials, 'J. A. S.,' so long familiar beneath their daily column, describe his own object and his methods: —

> The general scheme of this book is to trace the streams of politics which from the eighteenth century onward have converged upon the House of Commons and made it the centre of the British public life; to take certain individuals who seem to have been typically children of their time and examine their methods in and out of Parliament; to contrast with these the methods of certain public men in other countries, and especially the United States; and then to choose certain aspects and problems of the present-day public life and consider these separately. . . .
>
> Finally, I have added with many misgivings a very imperfect attempt to estimate certain of the leading ideas which are in politics or behind them, and which must enter into the philosophy, and, one way even say, the religion of the public man.

Such a book deals mainly with the politician, not always with the politician as one would like to have him, but at least quite honestly with the politician as Mr. Spender has found him. Nor does this veteran journalist find anything here that requires apology: —

> It was never more important to study the laws of parliamentary action and to understand the fundamental kind of forbearance needed for the smooth working of a sovereign parliament with a government responsible to it.
>
> All parliaments are groping along the edge of the unmapped boundary which divides the things that are amenable to argument and reason from the things that will encounter forcible resistance. Extremists pass it in one country, reactionaries in another, but of whatever complexion the trespassers may be, they break parliaments and institute tyrannies, resting on force and intimidation. The Marxian who preaches and the Bolshevik who practises class war, the Black Shirts, the gallopers, and all others who appeal to force against argument, necessarily find parliaments an obstacle in their path, and are driven by their own logic to challenge their authority and

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even to suppress them, when they get the opportunity.

I have dwelt in what follows upon some of the dangers which beset parliamentary government, because they seem to me to be of vital importance to the conduct of the public life. The public man whom I have had in my mind's eye is one who believes, above all things, in the efficacy of debate, and whose business it is to make willing converts and not to overawe or coerce the uncoverted. The first article in this man's creed is the sovereignty of Parliament, and if that is undermined by encroaching executives or sacrificed in impatient efforts to make Parliament do what it is incapable of doing, he is lost.

Then the way is cleared for adventurers and revolutionaries, who will make short work of traditions and conventions and institute the methods of the soldier or the terrorist. We are, I hope, safe from this catastrophe in our own country, but public men need, I think, to realize that Parliament is not an institution which can live on its past. A constant effort is needed from all its members to sustain its dignity and keep the idea of its sovereignty clear and firm in the public mind.

London *Public Opinion* hazards the guess that 'probably no other living journalist has had the same opportunity as Mr. Spender of getting into touch with men of all shades of character and opinion.' From Gladstone to Lord Grey and President Wilson, the great figures of public life march through the pages, each with his character touched home in a few deft strokes. Mr. Spender deals with a group thus: —

> Parnell, with his withering defiance and icy effectiveness, as un-Celtic, according to popular notions, as a man could be; Healy, with his biting epigrams uttering words like scorching lava; Redmond, the noble Roman, with his classical eloquence; Sexton of the clear-cut phrase and flowing peroration; 'T. P.,' with his unfailing vivacity, good humor, and inexhaustible store of things that interest and arrest.

As an example of individual portraiture take this study of Lord Morley: —

> There was nothing Morley disliked more than the suggestion that he was the literary man who had strayed into politics. He had high political ambitions, and protested that his writing was part of his politics. The claim was well founded, but the pen and the tongue have essentially different techniques, and a studious apprenticeship as a publicist is as likely as not to be a disqualification for the public man. With all his accomplishment in the set oration, Morley never quite effected the transition from pen to tongue, or the still more difficult transition from work done in the study to work done in the council chamber.
>
> This is the final stumblingblock of the literary man in politics. To be no longer the final arbiter of what shall be said and how it shall be said, to have to yield to the criticism and correction of other and perhaps inferior men, to see his work flattened to the average of common opinion — all this is hard discipline to the solitary worker, and with the best and most loyal intention he is often in a state of smothered rebellion. . . .
>
> To take his career as the test of the literary man in politics would be a serious mistake. He was Morley — a fascinating, gifted, exceptional man, as unlike other literary men as he was unlike most politicians. He was, in fact, less a literary man than a moralist with the pen, or, to use an old-fashioned word in the strict sense, a publicist with a fine taste for rhetoric. All Parties like to have such men; they appeal to a circle which the ordinary politician does not reach, and impart an air of distinction which is thought to come from a higher and purer region. *En revanche* a character is imposed on them which they have, however reluctantly, to live up to. Morley had many light and graceful gifts.
>
> He was a brilliant talker; a collection of his letters would show him as one of the neatest and daintiest turners of a phrase among his contemporaries. But as a public man he was expected always to walk the high processional road, to ap-

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pear in the grand manner on great occasions, to be on all occasions the unbending moralist and philosopher. Insensibly he took on the character and, I think, felt the strain of it. His political life would have been easier if he could have unbent in public as he did in private and have been judged by a more human standard than was commonly applied to him.

Unlike a goodly percentage of the gentry who write reminiscences, Mr. Spender scoffs at the notion of modern degeneration. Speeches, he agrees, are not what they used to be, but in that fact he finds reason for a discreet thanksgiving: —

> Eloquence appeals specially to youth, and most old men are persuaded that the speeches which they heard when they were young far surpass the greatest efforts of later times. Thus each generation is apt to find its oratorical hero in the last, and in my boyhood I have heard old men say that Gladstone and Bright were not to be compared with Canning and Fox, and no doubt in their youth other old men spoke in the same way of the 'incomparable Chatham.'
>
> Who can say what tradition there may be in future times about Asquith and Lloyd George or the simple and powerful appeals which Edward Grey made to the House of Commons in August 1914? It has been my fate to read through a great many ancient debates, as recorded in Hansard, and the comparison they suggest is by no means all to the advantage of past times. A few great masters emerge, and one is inclined to say that Bright and Gladstone at their best are unsurpassed, and perhaps unequaled, by any of their predecessors.
>
> But the amazing redundancy of the old parliamentarians, the violence of their language, and their lack of courtesy in debate, are astonishing to a modern who has had it dinned into him that parliamentary manners have decayed in our time. . . .
>
> When we are young we think of the world as a drama which will be completed in our lifetime. We shall see the curtain fall on a scene of questions answered, problems solved, happy reconciliations effected. As we go on in years our hopes dwindle to the completion of a first act, and then at length we seem to be shut into a whirling moment of the divine or human comedy, without clue to plot, climax, or conclusion.
>
> What can we effect in our lifetime, what experience can we hope to gain in the forty years of the average working-life, which will add to the sum of wisdom or entitle us to influence our fellow beings? How shall we even clear our own thoughts or take any step with confidence? These, I suppose, are questions which weigh on all serious men, especially those who handle public affairs, as they come within sight of the end. . . .

Here is no facile optimism. Mr. Spender glances with a doubtful eye at 'progress': —

> With the Great War still fresh in our minds, we cannot gainsay its tendency to relapse into barbarism, and even to plunge the deeper down in proportion as it has painfully climbed up. A man who was born in the year when Queen Victoria came to the throne and passed from the scene in 1913 might reasonably have formed an entirely different estimate of human progress from one who was born ten years later and survived to the year 1924. And necessarily, with the shadow of these events still over us, the question must occur whether some things that we have counted progress, and in which we have specially taken pride, may not be our undoing, if we are unable to control them.
>
> The vision of science outstripping morality and reënforcing the latent savagery of the civilized with a power of destruction unknown to savages, is, it must be admitted, the most appalling that presents itself to the modern mind.

Yet he does not despair, and quite naturally for one whose studious youth was passed in the nineteenth century, he quotes Ernst Haeckel: 'The German biologist, Haeckel, said that if he was permitted to ask one question of the powers that be and obtain an answer to it, that question would be: "Is the Universe friendly?" The an-

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swer of Christianity is that God is love,' says Mr. Spender, 'and even if they are unable to rise to this, those who aspire to be called statesmen are required to believe that the world process has behind it a benevolent design that can be promoted by human effort. Thus conceived, the idea of progress is no sudden literary notion of modern times. In innumerable forms it has existed in the human heart since the beginning of recorded things. It is within us and in front of us and on the remote horizon; it is almost, we may say, the shadow of God in the world.'

'The book is very human and urbane,' says the *Manchester Guardian*. 'It brims with anecdote and abounds in lively descriptions of famous men, and echoes with the wit and epigram of two centuries of politics.' This is the friendly comment of a great Liberal newspaper on a great Liberal editor. More flattering are the flowers cast by that generous foe, the Tory *Saturday Review*: —

> As age is reckoned nowadays, Mr. Spender is by no means an old man. We trust that he has many years of useful activity before him, for even those who usually disagree with his opinions will admit that his work adds a dignity and a distinction to the profession of journalism which the reading world would be sensibly impoverished by losing. . . .
>
> Mr. Spender has utilized the unwonted leisure that has come his way lately to look back over the forty years of Parliamentary life which he has watched from the side scenes, and to give us a number of vivid, and even brilliant, sketches of our leading statesmen, with his reflections on their work and on the changes that have taken place in public life since he first began to observe it scientifically. Perhaps the impression of the writer's seniority is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Spender judges of public affairs from the detached and philosophic standpoint which is often associated with advanced years. But he has always done that; he is justly entitled to say of the political world: —
>
> I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
> To its idolatries a patient knee —
> Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
> In worship of an echo; in the crowd
> They could not deem me one of such; I stood
> Among them, but not of them.
>
> Yet withal he has succeeded in avoiding the petulance or misanthropy which are too often mistaken for independence. His criticism is genial as well as witty.

Where critics so divergent are thus united, it is natural that a nonpartisan weekly like *Public Opinion* should describe the new book as 'the event of the week in the world of literature.'

The Spectator praises the book generously, but points out two main faults. The author overestimates the value and importance of the House of Commons in and of itself, and he fails to comprehend the way in which its position has been undermined of late years by the growing part in 'the public life' taken by such relatively modern developments as the Civil Service, Labor, and Science: —

> Any book by Mr. Spender on the theory and practice of our politics was certain to be interesting and significant. And in these two volumes, which are in some ways the best thing he has yet done, there is some admirable writing. How wise, for instance, is the chapter on 'Rewards and Penalties,' in which he discusses the difficulty of getting good men into politics and keeping them good when they get there. How excellent is the advice given in the chapter called 'The Art and Craft of the M.P.' How amusing his description of Parliamentary oratory. How important are the questions which he discusses under the title of 'Some Problems of Parliament.' This is really, you say to yourself at first, a most important piece of work. And yet somehow, taken as a whole, the book misses the mark. It is suggestive; it is amusing; it is extremely readable; but it is never convincing. The truth is that Mr. Spender writes always, unconsciously, as a partisan. He is a partisan, so to speak, of the House of Commons.

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By RUSTICUS

SOMEWHERE in his book this engaging "Rusticus" describes himself as an "impecunious rural sentimentalist." It is a happy appellation; one whose relevancy grows upon one as one reads, and it at once places him in distinguished company, where he should be. Horace is of his company, and Henry Ryecroft.

For the sake of convenience, rather than in response to any imperative necessity, the volume is divided into six chapters, in each of which the author invokes a blessing upon one of the appendages of his rural retreat: the dog, the pig, the hen, the cow, the horse and finally, the garden. After which, in the most engaging manner in the world, this monarch of broad although not very numerous acres, whose rule is kindly absolute and completely unquestioned, philosophizes upon each. No excerpt could begin to convey a conception of the glories of this little book.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Does Your Country Mean More To You Than Flag-Waving?

PERHAPS today you will march in or cheer on a parade.

Perhaps you will remember this day only as a holiday.

But if you remember the real significance of this day — July 4 — read "Through the Mill of Americanization" by Stanislaw Gutowski in the July Scribner's Magazine.

A native of Poland, he served with distinction in the United States Army during the World War.

He did excellent work in training non-English-speaking recruits.

When he arrived in this country he couldn't speak a word of English himself.

Let him tell you his experiences. Let him tell you how he was Americanized, and what he has observed about Americanization agencies.

Every thoughtful American ought to read this article.

And on this day when we celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, read what young men are thinking about war—one of the greatest shackles of the human race.

"Youth and Peace" by George A. Coe and "The Colleges and War" by Oliver La Farge are in the July Scribner's Magazine.

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